

THE

Arthur's

LADY'S

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EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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VOL. XV.  
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From January to June, 1860.

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PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1860.



THE YOUNG ARTISTS.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. B. FOR THE AUTHOR.

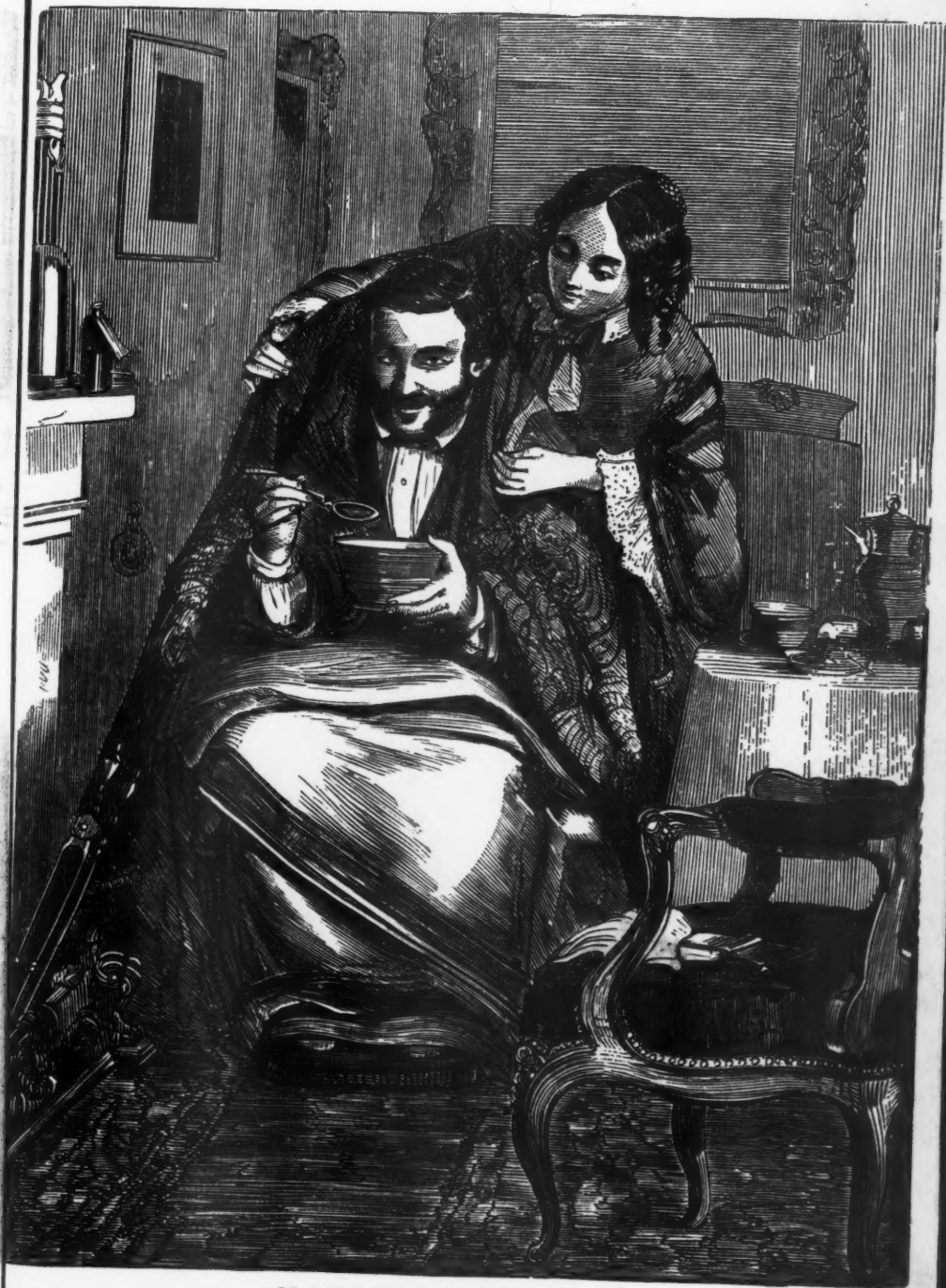


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HOME MAGAZINE JANUARY 1860.

254





MARRIED AND HAPPY





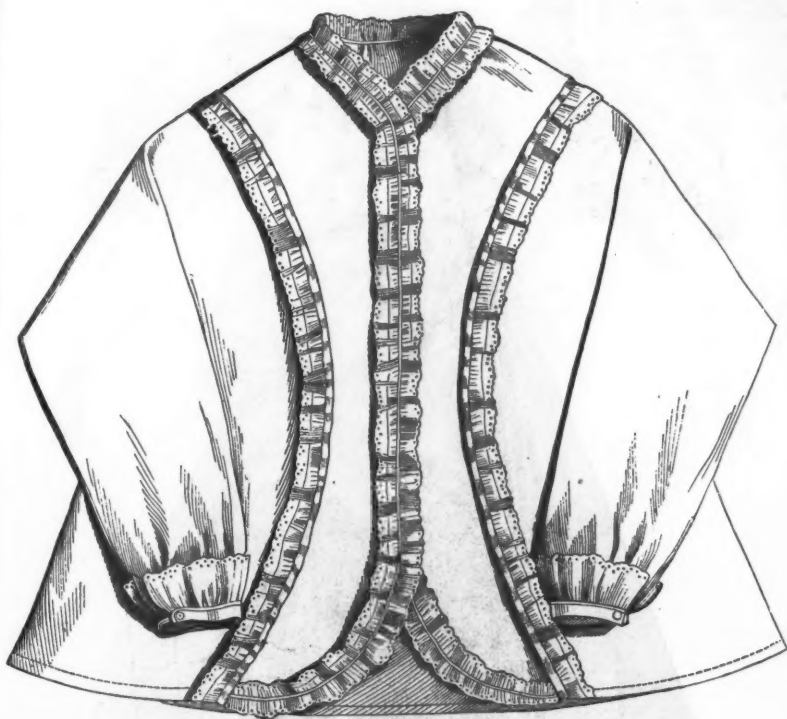
CHILDREN MEASURING THEIR HEIGHT BY A FOX GLOVE.



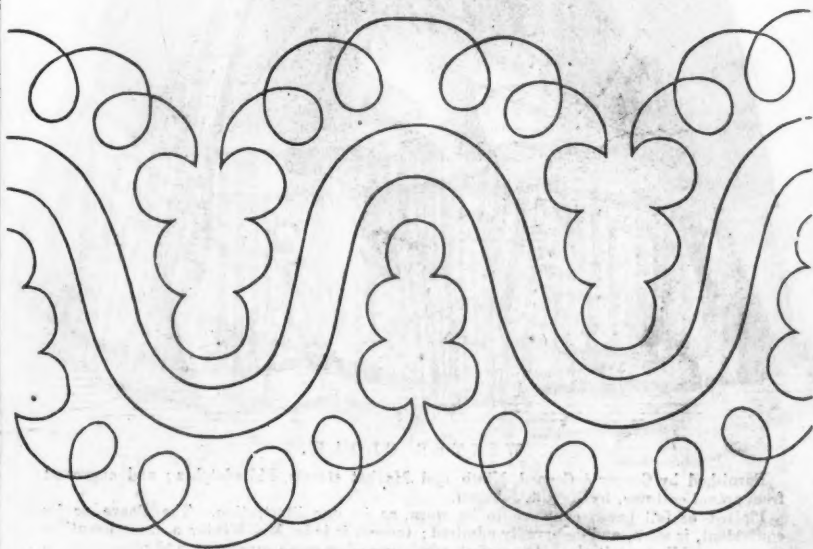
CAPS.



EVENING DRESS.



NIGHT-GOWN.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



WINTER CLOAK,

Furnished by Cooper & Conard, Ninth and Market streets, Philadelphia; and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson.

Plaited or full backs continue to be worn, as in our illustration. The sleeve, or its equivalent, is worn, and deservedly admired; indeed, it is in Mid-Winter a most beautiful necessity, adding, as it does, to comfort, admitting of so much ornament, and presenting so graceful a relief in the front view. The bindings are deep, trimmed rich and neat rather than gaudy, and the cloth a fine black beaver.

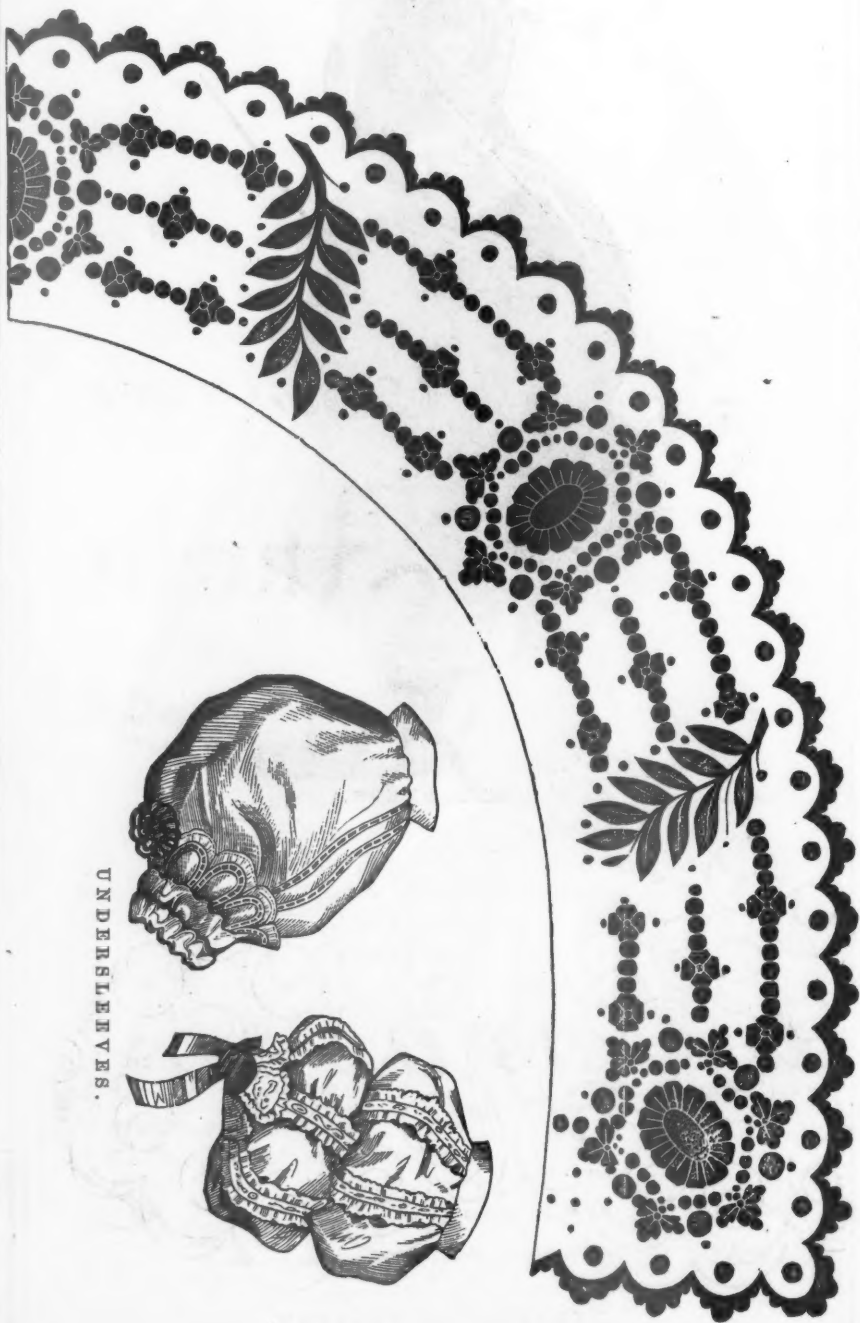


BOY'S DRESS.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

WORKED COLLAR.



UNDERSTEEVES.





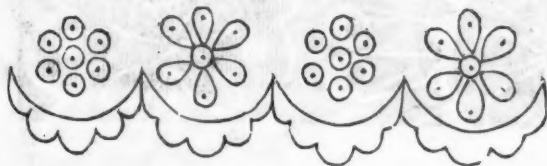
UNDERSLEEVES.



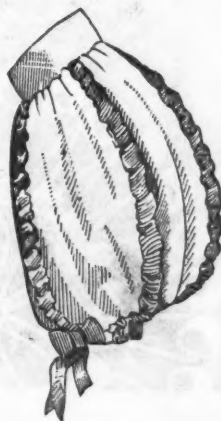
DRESS CAP.

Constance
Annelie
Therese

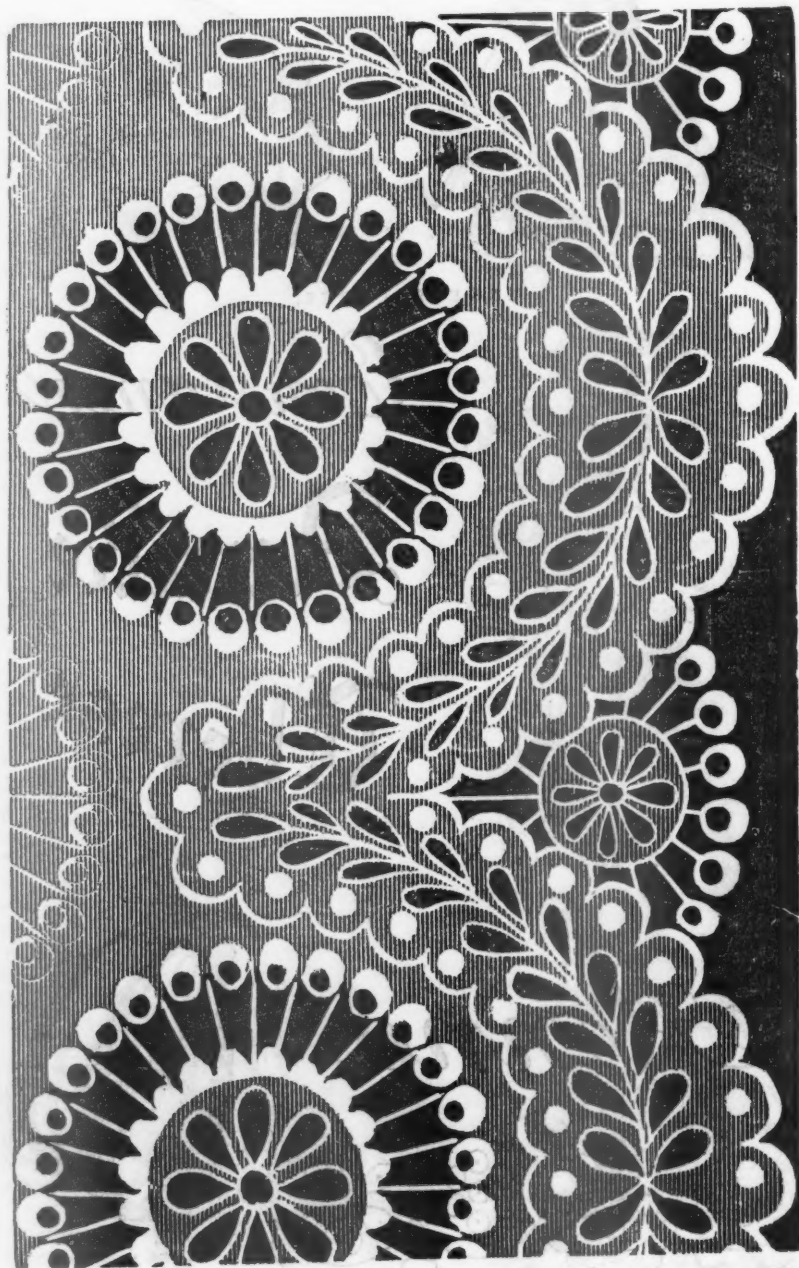
Anna



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



UNDERSLEEVE.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1860.

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"HAVE you noticed Miss Harvey's diamonds?" said a friend, directing my attention, as she spoke, to a young lady who stood at the lower end of the room. I looked towards Miss Harvey, and as I did so, my eyes received the sparkle of her gems.

"Brilliant as dew-drops in the morning sunbeams," I remarked.

"Only less brilliant," was my friend's response to this. "Only less brilliant. Nothing holds the sunlight in its bosom so perfectly as a drop of dew.—Next, the diamond. I am told that the pin, now flashing back the light, as it rises and falls with the swell and subsidence of her bosom, cost just one thousand dollars. The public, you know, are very apt to find out the money-value of fine jewelry."

"Miss Harvey is beautiful," said I, "and could afford to depend less on the foreign aid of ornament."

"If she had dazzled us with that splendid pin alone," returned my friend, "we might never have been tempted to look beneath the jewel, far down into the wearer's heart. But, diamond ear-rings, and a diamond bracelet, added—we know their value to be just twelve hundred dollars; the public is specially inquisitive—suggest some weakness or perversion of feeling, and we become eagle-eyed. But for the blaze of light with which Miss Harvey has surrounded herself, I, for one, should not have been led to observe her closely. There is no object in nature which has not its own peculiar signification; which does not correspond to some quality, affection, or attribute of the mind. This is true of gems; and it is but natural, that we should look for those qualities

in the wearer of them to which the gems correspond."

I admitted the proposition, and my friend went on.

"Gold is the most precious of all metals, and it must, therefore, correspond to the most precious attribute, or quality of the mind. What is that attribute?—and what is that quality?"

"Love," said I, after a pause, "Love is the most precious attribute of the mind—goodness the highest quality."

"Then, it is no mere fancy to say that gold corresponds to love, or goodness. It is pure, and ductile, and warm in color, like love; while silver is harder, and white and shining, like truth. Gold and silver in nature are, then, as goodness and truth in the human soul. In one we find the riches of this world, in the other divine riches. And if gold and silver correspond to precious things of the mind, so must brilliant jewels. The diamond! How wonderful is its affection for light—taking in the rays eagerly, dissolving them, and sending them forth again to gladden the eyes in rich prismatic beauty! And to what mental quality must the diamond correspond? As it loves the sun's rays, in which are heat and light—must it not correspond to the affection of things good and true?—heat being of love, and light of truth or wisdom? The wearer of diamonds, then, should have in her heart the heavenly affection to which they correspond. She should be loving and wise."

"It will not do to make an estimate in this way," said I. "The measure is too exacting."

"I will admit that. But we cannot help thinking of the quality, when we look upon its sign. With a beautiful face, when first seen, do we not always associate a beautiful soul? And when a lady adorns herself with the most beautiful and costly things in nature, how can we help looking to see whether they correspond to things in her mind! For one, I cannot; and so, almost involuntarily, I keep turning my eyes upon Miss Harvey, and looking for signs of her quality."

"And how do you read the lady?" I inquired.

My friend shook his head.

"The observation is not favorable."

"Not favorable," he replied. "No, not favorable. She thinks of her jewels—she is vain of them."

"The temptation is great," I said

"The fact of so loading herself with costly jewels, is in itself indicative of vanity—"

A third party joining us at this moment, we dropped the subject of Miss Harvey. But, enough had been said to make me observe her closely during the evening.

The opening line of Moore's charming lyric,

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,"

kept chiming in my thoughts, whenever I glanced towards her, and saw the glitter of her diamonds. Yet, past the gems my vision now went, and I searched the fair girl's countenance for the sparkle of other and richer jewels. Did I find them? We shall see.

"Helen," I heard a lady say to Miss Harvey, "is not that Mary Gardiner?"

"I believe so," was her indifferent answer.

"Have you spoken to her this evening?"

"No, aunt."

"Why?"

"Mary Gardiner and I were never very congenial. We have not been thrown together for some time; and now, I do not care to renew the acquaintance."

I obtained a single glance of the young lady's face. It was proud and haughty in expression, and her eyes had in them a cold glitter that awoke in me a feeling of repulsion.

"I wish you were congenial," the lady said, speaking partly to herself.

"We are not, aunt," was Miss Harvey's reply; and she assumed the air of one who felt herself far superior to another with whom she had been brought into comparison.

"The gems do not correspond, I fear," said I to myself, as I moved to another part of the room. "But who is Miss Gardiner?"

In the next moment, I was introduced to the young lady whose name was in my thought. The face into which I looked was of that fine oval which always pleases the eye, even where the countenance itself does not light up well with the changes of thought. But, in this case, a pair of calm, deep, living eyes, and lips of shape most exquisitely delicate and feminine—giving warrant of a beautiful soul—caused the face of Miss Gardiner to hold the vision as by a spell. Low and very musical was her voice, and there was a discrimination in her words, that lifted whatever she said above the common-place, even though the subjects were of the hour.

I do not remember how long it was after my introduction to Miss Gardiner, before I discovered that her only ornament was a small, exquisitely cut cameo breast-pin, set in a circlet of pearls. There was no obtrusive glitter about this. It lay more like an emblem than a jewel against her bosom. It never drew your attention from her face, nor dimmed, by contrast, the radiance of her soul-lit eyes. I was charmed, from the beginning, with this young lady. Her thoughts were real gems, rich and rare, and when she spoke there was the flash of diamonds in her sentences; not the flash of mere brilliant sayings, like the gleaming of a polished sword, but of living truths, that lit up with their own pure radiance every mind that received them.

Two or three times during the evening, Miss Harvey, radiant in her diamonds—they cost twenty-two hundred dollars—the price would intrude itself—and Miss Gardiner, almost guiltless of foreign ornament, were thrown into immediate contact. But Miss Gardiner was not recognized by the haughty wearer of gems. It was the old farce of pretence, seeking, by borrowed attractions, to outshine the imperishable radiance of truth. I looked on, and read the lesson her conduct gave, and wondered that any were deceived into even a transient admiration. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," but they had in them no significance as applied to the wearer. It was Miss Gardiner who had the real gems, beautiful as charity, and pure as eternal truth; and she wore them with a simple grace, that charmed every beholder who had eyes clear enough from earthly dust and smoke to see them.

I never meet Miss Harvey, that I do not think of the pure and heavenly things of the mind to which diamonds correspond, nor without seeing some new evidence that she wears no priceless jewels in her soul.

FRETFULNESS:

HOME WHISPERS TO WIVES AND MOTHERS.

FRET, fret, fret, scold, scold, from morning to night, in haste or leisure—when it rained or the sun shone; Mrs. Moore always found something to find fault about, something to fret her. She began it when she was a child, for her mother fretted before her and taught her how. She practiced her lessons well as she grew up. She carried the habit with her into the home of her married life, and scarcely kept it out of sight during the honeymoon. After she became a mother she found occasion to fret every day and almost every hour of her life, till she came to be the most accomplished fretter that we know. She was handsome, at least she might have been; for fair and regular features will look ugly when the scowl of peevishness mars them. She was smart and efficient in the management of her domestic affairs. Her house was a model of order, and the ways of her household were looked after well; but I have seen more comfort where there was less system and order. She was intelligent, and when the demon that enthralled her slumbered for a little, and her fine features were irradiated with the smile and glow of social cheerfulness, she would seem to be a most engaging woman. She was self-sacrificing. Her ease and preferences she would yield to the good of others, but the most precious sacrifices she laid on the altar of love she would baptize with the unholy waters of fretfulness and complaint, till the value of the benefaction was wholly lost, or greatly marred to the recipient. She was religious, and labored to advance the kingdom of Christ on earth. Alas! there was a kingdom of quiet peace, and holy calm, and heavenly sunshine, that never came to her own soul. She was a wife and mother. She loved her family well, she thought she toiled for them; she strove to advance them in life, but she never loved them well enough to conquer her enemy for their sakes; nor did she ever make their home or their daily life what these should be to whom God gives and continues a wife and mother.

Her husband grew dwarfed in soul and soured and hard in social character. Her children—most to be pitied, who had the first delicate buddings of life's spring-time nipped by such biting frosts—suffered in their sensibilities, and exhibited such excrescences of character, and such warpings of soul, as might have been expected. The sweetest fragrance—the sunniest light of home, never shed its

aroma, or its brightness, in their daily paths. Some learned from her to fret and complain, and they transmitted the same curse to other households and another generation. Some, with finer sensibilities, shrank and withered under it; while in some souls the waters of bitterness and misanthropy wore deep, broad channels; for there was a numerous household to feel the blight. She felt and knew that her family did not love her as she would have them love her. She saw that they were glad to live out of her presence, though she was conscious that she lived and labored for them. This created in her a sense of injustice done her, which engendered a feeling akin to bitterness as she advanced in life, and over this she fretted still more intensely; till, dear reader, she fretted herself into the grave. The looker-on, as he summed up the results of her life-work—her woman's work—might have written over all her opportunities for great and blessed achievement, "Wanting," — "Failures," — "Lost," — "Marred." And wherefore? Because of this enemy—a feeble one at first, but nourished and cherished through many years, grown at length her conqueror and master.

O woman! whose highest honor it is to mature and rear earth's men and women for God's service, and to breathe over the homes where you rear them something of the atmosphere of that Home yours should typify, exorcise, I entreat you, this foul spirit, this demon fretfulness, from your domain. Let its shadow never darken your threshold. Let its breath never blight the spirits where it is your province to ward and watch. Would you be good and true where God has placed you? Would you have yours—your own dear ones, large of soul—loving and beloved in their lives, living in sunshine and scattering sunshine? Would you be to them while you live, and live in their memories after you are dead, as one of those sent of God and manifesting Him in their lives? Then let your brow never be clouded, your tones sharpened, the loving beaming of your eye never quenched by this foul spirit, that gathers its venom and blight from discontent and unholy unrest. A truly noble man, a loving innocent child, might find a better home in a den of stinging reptiles, than with "a brawling" or fretful "woman in a wide house." If you are sick, and cannot give to your home service and care, give them the smile of a calm, unruffled soul, the sunshine of peace and love, and trust in God. If you are burdened with care and toil, add not the load you must needs carry, one you need not, by

fretfulness of spirit, but let cheerfulness and hope buoy you. Do difficulties, dark and frowning, meet you? Does your path lie over an intricate and thorny way? Let the light of a quiet spirit brighten it, and the music of gentle, loving tones thrill along its tangled mazes. Listen for them, and you shall catch, ever and anon, strains of poetry and measures of melody, even on the dreariest road. Have you the greatest blessing a true woman's heart craves, affectionate friends, a pleasant home, a loving and noble man for a companion, and dear, promising children? O, let gratitude to the Great Giver keep you always from the lowering frown of impatience, and the harsh grating tones of complaint and fretfulness at the little ills, the little disappointments, the physical taxations, and the nervous discomforts and ailments that every mother of a family¹ however blessed and favored, must at times encounter. Let each strive, in her own sphere and in her own home, to make that home as perfect—that sphere as ennobled, as it can become. If this is the aim and ambition, surely from such a home and sphere will be banished, with much else that belittles and degrades and mars it, the demon—Fretfulness.

EARLY RISING IN WINTER.

SLEEP, says Sancho Panza, covers a man all over like a mantle of comfort; but rising before daylight envelopes the entire being in petty misery. An indescribable vacuity makes itself felt in the epigastric regions, and a leaden heaviness weighs upon heart and spirits. It must be a considerable item in the hard lot of domestic servants to have to get up through all the winter months in the cold dark house; let us be thankful to them through whose humble labors and self-denial we find the cheerful fire blazing in the tidy breakfast-parlor, when we find our way down stairs. That same apartment looked cheerless enough when the housemaid entered it two hours ago. It is sad when you are snug in bed of a morning, lazily conscious of that circling amplitude of comfort, to hear the chilly cry of the poor sweep outside; or the tread of the factory hands shivering by in their thin garments towards the great cotton mill, glaring spectral out of its many windows, but at least with a cosy suggestion of warmth and light. Think of the baker, too, who rose in the dark of midnight that those hot rolls might appear on your breakfast-table; and of the printer, intelligent, active, accurate to a degree that you careless folk who put no points

in your letters have no idea of, whose labors have given you that damp sheet which, in a little, will feel so crisp and firm, after it has been duly dried, and which will tell you all that is going on all over the world, down to the opera which closed at twelve, and the parliamentary debate which was not over till half-past four. It is good occasionally to rise at five on a December morning, that you may feel how much you are indebted to some who do so for your sake all the winter through. No doubt they get accustomed to it; but so may you by doing it always. A great many people, living easy lives, have no idea of the discomfort of rising by candlelight. Probably they hardly ever did it; when they did it, they had a blazing fire and abundant light to dress by, and even with these advantages, which essentially change the nature of the enterprise, they have not done it for very long.

DO SOMETHING.

It is truly a melancholy spectacle to see so many drones in the great and busy hive of human life. We daily see young men of education, and who possess more than ordinary natural gifts, lounging about as listlessly as if there was nothing in the boundless universe worthy of their attention. How utterly lost to manhood are many sons of wealthy parents! No ambition, no hope, no ardent desire, ever spurs them on to leap from obscurity into the broad daylight of lasting renown. Their lives, which should be full of noble achievements, are dawdled away in unholy dissipations. If such is to become the universal effect of wealth on the rising generation, it were far better that poverty should forever be the handmaid of our sons and daughters. In the name of common humanity, we call on all young men to do something. Do not sneak from the cradle of infancy to the coffin of oblivion without, at least, one great effort to prove you have not lived in vain. Remember that fame and honor are never achieved with folded arms and "masterly inactivity." When the sublime wisdom of common sense taught Columbus there was a new world, he did not preach his belief with idle hands and lack lustre eye. The wonderful discoveries in science and art were not made by men who regarded life as a holiday of idleness. If you would achieve fame, if you would win the applause of your fellow men, if you would gain your own self-respect, then, in the name of all that is good and sacred, we call on you to go to work and do something.

SCENES IN MY HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. LAFAYETTE WILKINS.

No. I.—*Polly, my Nursery Maid.*

I DID not feel in a very good humor either with myself or Polly, my nursery maid. The fact is, Polly had displeased me; and I, while under the influence of rather strong excitement of feeling, had rebuked her with a degree of intemperance not exactly becoming in a Christian gentlewoman, or just to a well meaning, though not perfect domestic.

Polly had taken my sharp words without replying. They seemed to stun her. She stood for a few moments, after the vials of my wrath were emptied, her face paler than usual, and her lips almost colorless. Then she turned and walked from my room with a slow but firm step. There was an air of purpose about her, and a manner that puzzled me a little.

The thermometer of my feelings was gradually falling, though not yet reduced very far below fever-heat, when Polly stood again before me. A red spot now burned on each cheek, and her eyes were steady as she let them rest in mine.

"Mrs. Wilkins," said she, firmly, yet respectfully, "I am going to leave when my month is up."

Now, I have my own share of willfulness and impulsive independence. So I answered, without hesitation or reflection,

"Very well, Polly. If you wish to leave, I will look for another to fill your place." And I drew myself up with an air of dignity.

Polly retired as quietly as she came, and I was left alone with my not very agreeable thoughts for companions. Polly had been in my family for nearly four years, in the capacity of nursery and chamber maid. She was capable, faithful, kind in her disposition, and industrious. The children were all attached to her, and her influence over them was good. I had often said to myself, in view of Polly's excellent qualities, "She is a treasure!" And, always, the thought of losing her services had been an unpleasant one. Of late, in some things, Polly had failed to give the satisfaction of former times. She was neither so cheerful, nor so thoughtful, nor had she her usual patience with the children. "Her disposition is altering," I said to myself, now and then, in view of this change, "something has spoiled her."

"You have indulged her too much, I suppose," was the reason given by my husband, whenever I ventured to introduce to his notice

the short-comings of Polly. "You are an expert at the business of spoiling domestics."

My good opinion of myself was generally flattered by this estimate of the case; and, as this good opinion strengthened, a feeling of indignation against Polly for her ingratitude, as I was pleased to call it, found a lodging in my heart.

And so the matter had gone on, from small beginnings, until a state of dissatisfaction on the one part, and coldness on the other, had grown up between mistress and maid. I asked no questions of Polly, as to the change in her manner, but made my own inferences, and took, for granted, my own conclusions. I had spoiled her by indulgence—that was clear. As a thing of course, this view was not very favorable to a just and patient estimate of her conduct, whenever it failed to meet my approval.

On the present occasion, she had neglected the performance of certain services, in consequence of which I suffered some small inconvenience, and a great deal of annoyance.

"I don't know what's come over you, Polly," said I to her sharply. "Something has spoiled you outright; and I tell you now, once for all, that you'll have to mend your ways considerably, if you expect to remain much longer in this family."

The language was hard enough, but the manner harder and more offensive. I had never spoken to her before with anything like this severity of manner. The result of this little piece of intemperance on my part, the reader has seen. Polly gave notice that she would leave, and I accepted the notice. For a short time after the girl retired from my room, I maintained my state of half indignant independence; but, as to being satisfied with myself, that was out of the question. I had lost my temper, and, as is usual in such cases, had been harsh, and it might be, unjust. I was about to lose the services of a domestic, whose good qualities so far overbalanced all defects and short-comings, that I could hardly hope to supply her place. How could the children give her up? This question came home with a most unpleasant suggestion of consequences. But, as the disturbance of my feelings went on subsiding, and thought grew clearer and clearer, that which most troubled me was a sense of injustice towards Polly. The suggestion came stealing into my mind, that the something wrong about her might involve a great deal more than I had, in a narrow reference of things to my own affairs, imagined. Polly was certainly changed; but, might not

the change have its origin in mental conflict or sufferings, which entitled her to pity and consideration, instead of blame?

This was a new thought, which in no way tended to increase a feeling of self-approval.

"She is human, like the rest of us," said I, as I sat talking over the matter with myself, "and every human heart has its portion of bitterness. The weak must bear in weakness, as well as the strong in strength; and the light burden rests as painfully on the back that bends in feebleness, as does the heavy one on Atlas-shoulders. We are too apt to regard those who serve us as mere working machines. Rarely do we consider them as possessing like wants and weaknesses, like sympathies and yearnings with ourselves. Anything will do for them. Under any external circumstances, it is their duty to be satisfied."

I was wrong in this matter. Nothing was now clearer to me than this. But, how was I to get right? That was the puzzling question. I thought, and thought—looking at the difficulty first on this side, and then on that. No way of escape presented itself, except through some open or implied acknowledgment of wrong; that is, I must have some plain, kind talk with Polly, to begin with, and thus show her, by an entire change of manner, that I was conscious of having spoken to her in a way that was not met by my own self-approval. Pride was not slow in vindicating her own position among the mental powers. She was not willing to see me humble myself to a servant. Polly had given notice that she was going to leave, and if I made concession, she would at once conclude that I did so meanly, from self-interest, because I wished to retain her services. My naturally independent spirit revolted under this view of the case, but I marshalled some of the better forces of my mind, and took the field bravely on the side of right and duty. For some time the conflict went on, when the better elements of my nature gained the victory.

When the decision was made, I sent a message for Polly. I saw, as she entered my room, that her cheeks no longer burned, and that the fire had died out in her eyes. Her face was pale, and its expression sad, but enduring.

"Polly," said I, kindly, "sit down. I would like to have some talk with you."

The girl seemed taken by surprise. Her face warmed a little, and her eyes, which had been turned aside from mine, looked at me with a glance of inquiry.

"There, Polly"—and I pointed to a chair—"sit down."

She obeyed, but with a weary, patient air, like one whose feelings were painfully oppressed.

"Polly," said I, throwing both kindness and interest in my voice, "has any thing troubled you of late?"

Her face flushed and her eyes reddened.

"If there has, Polly, and I can help you in any way, speak to me as a friend. You can trust me."

I was not prepared for the sudden and strong emotion that instantly manifested itself. Her face fell into her hands, and she sobbed out, with a violence that startled me. I waited until she grew calm, and then said, laying a hand kindly upon her as I spoke—

"Polly, you can talk to me as freely as if I were your mother. Speak out plainly, and if I can advise you or aid you in any way, be sure that I will do it."

"I don't think you can help me any, ma'am, unless it is to bear my trouble more patiently," she answered, in a subdued way.

"Trouble, child? What trouble? Has any thing gone wrong with you?"

The manner in which this inquiry was made aroused her, and she said quickly and with feeling:

"Wrong with me? O no, ma'am!"

"But you are in trouble, Polly."

"Not for myself, ma'am—not for myself," was her earnest reply.

"For whom, then, Polly?"

The girl did not answer for some moments. Then with a long, deep sigh, she said:

"You never saw my brother Tom, ma'am. Oh, he was such a nice boy, and I was so fond of him. He had a hard place where he worked, and they paid him so little that, poor fellow! if I hadn't spent half my wages on him, he'd never have looked fit to be seen among folks. When he was eighteen he seemed to me perfect. He was so good and kind. But—" and the girl's voice almost broke down—"somehow, he began to change after that. I think he fell into bad company. Oh, ma'am! It seemed as if it would have killed me the first time I found that he had been drinking, and was not himself. I cried all night for two or three nights. When we met again I tried to talk with Tom about it, but he wouldn't hear a word, and, for the first time in his life, got angry with his sister.

"It has been going on from bad to worse ever since, and I've almost given up hope."

"He's several years younger than you are, Polly."

"Yes, ma'am. He was only ten years old when our mother died. I am glad she is dead now, what I've never said before. There were only two of us—Tom and I; and I being nearly six years the oldest, felt like a mother as well as a sister to him. I've never spent much on myself, as you know, and never had as good clothes as other girls with my wages. It took nearly everything for Tom. O dear! What is to come of it all? It will kill me, I'm afraid."

A few questions on my part brought out particulars in regard to Polly's brother that satisfied me of his great lapse from virtue and sobriety. He was now past twenty, and from all I could learn, moving swift-footed along the road to destruction.

There followed a dead silence for some time after all the story was told. What could I say? The case was one in which it seemed that I could offer neither advice nor consolation. But it was in my power to show interest in the girl, and to let her feel that she had my sympathy. She was sitting with her eyes cast down and a look of sorrow on her pale, thin face—I had not before remarked the signs of emaciation—that touched me deeply.

"Polly," said I, with as much kindness as I could throw into my voice, "it is the lot of all to have trouble, and each heart knows its own bitterness. But on some the trouble falls with a weight that seems impossible to be borne. And this is your case. Yet, it only *seems* to be so, for as our day is so shall our strength be. If you cannot draw your brother away from the dangerous paths in which he is walking, you can pray for him, and the prayer of earnest love will bring your spirit so near to his spirit, that God may be able to influence him for good through this presence of your spirit with his."

Polly looked up at me with a light flashing in her face, as if a new hope had dawned upon her heart.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "I have prayed, and do pray for him daily. But, then, I think God loves him better than I can love him, and needs none of my prayer in the case. And so a chill falls over me, and everything grows dark and hopeless—for, of myself, I can do nothing."

"Our prayers cannot change the purposes of God towards any one; but God works by means, and our prayers may be the means through which he can help another."

"How? How? Oh! tell me how, Mrs. Wilkins?"

The girl spoke with great eagerness.

I had an important truth to communicate, but, how was I to make it clear to her simple mind? I thought for a moment, and then said—

"When we think of any one, we see them."

"In our minds?"

"Yes, Polly. We see them with the eyes of our minds; and are also present with them as to our minds, or spirits. Have you not noticed that on some occasions you suddenly thought of a person, and that in a little while afterwards that person came in?"

"O yes, I've often noticed, and wondered why it should be so."

"Well, the person in coming to see you, or in approaching the place where you were, thought of you so distinctly that she was present to your mind, and you saw her with the eyes of your mind. If this be the right explanation, as I believe it is, then, if we think intently of another, and especially if we think with a strong affection, we are present with them so fully that they think of us, and see our forms with the eyes of their spirits. And now, Polly, keeping this in mind, we may see how praying, in tender love for another, may help God to do him good; for you know that men and angels are co-workers with God in all good. On the wings of our thought and love, angelic spirits, who are present with us in prayer, may pass with us to the object of our tender interest, and thus gaining audience, as it were, stir the heart with good impulses. And who can tell how effectual this may be, if of daily act and long continuance?"

I paused to see if I was comprehended. Polly was listening intently, with her eyes upon the floor. She looked up, after a moment, her countenance calmer than before, but bearing so hopeful an aspect that I was touched with wonder.

"I will pray for him morning, noon and night," she said, "and if, bodily, I cannot be near him, my spirit shall be present with his many times each day. Oh, if I could but draw him back from the evil into which he has fallen!"

"A sister's loving prayer, and the memory of his mother in heaven, will prove, I trust, Polly, too potent for all his enemies. Take courage!"

In the silence that followed this last remark, Polly arose and stood as if there was something yet unsaid in her mind. I understood her, and made the way plain for both of us.

"If I had known of this before, it would

have explained to me something that gave my mind an unfavorable impression. You have not been like yourself for some time past."

"How could I, ma'am?" Polly's voice trembled and her eyes again filled with tears. "I never meant to displease you; but—"

"All is explained," said I, interrupting her. "I see just how it is; and if I have said a word that hurt you, I am sorry for it. No one could have given better satisfaction in a family than you have given."

"I have always tried to do right," murmured the poor girl, sadly.

"I know it, Polly." My tones were encouraging. "And if you will forget the unkind way in which I spoke to you this morning, and let things remain as they were, it may be better for both of us. You are not fit, taking your mind as it now is, to go among strangers."

Polly looked at me with gratitude and forgiveness in her wet eyes. There was a motion of reply about her lips, but she did not trust herself to speak.

"Shall it be as it was, Polly?"

"O yes, ma'am! I don't wish to leave you; and particularly, not now. I am not fit, as you say, to go among strangers. But you must bear with me a little; for I can't always keep my thoughts about me."

When Polly retired from my room, I set myself to thinking over what had happened. The lesson went deeply into my heart. Poor girl! what a heavy burden rested upon her weak shoulders. No wonder that she bent under it! No wonder that she was changed! She was no subject for angry reproof, but for pity and forbearance. If she had come short in service, or failed to enter upon her daily tasks with the old cheerfulness, no blame could attach to her, for the defect was of force and not will.

"Ah," said I, as I pondered the matter, "how little inclined are we to consider those who stand below us in the social scale, or to think of them as having like passions, like weaknesses, like hopes and fears with ourselves. We deal with them too often as if they were mere working machines, and grow impatient if they show signs of pain, weariness, or irritation. We are quick to blame and slow to praise—chary of kind words, but voluble in reproof—holding ourselves superior in station, but not always showing ourselves superior in thoughtfulness, self-control and kind forbearance. Ah me! Life is a lesson-book, and we turn a new page every day."

SOMEWHERE.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

How little do we know or heed
Where, 'mid life's chance and changing,
Lies the sure fruitage of our deed,
Or Destiny's arranging.
Somewhere the trifles live, that still
We fling from hands uncaring;
Some covert hides the good or ill
That fate for us is bearing.

Somewhere there grows a slender tree
My careless fingers planted,
Which yet a stately shade may be,
Time-crowned and memory-haunted.
A climbing rose that blooms at morn,
Its fragrant incense giving—
Perchance a bitter fruit—a thorn—
Yet owes to me its living.

Somewhere there is a lowly cot,
Where kind thoughts, writ in weakness,
May come like birds, when I am not,
And cheer, like song, its bleakness;
Somewhere a white and hollow cheek,
An eye too restless shining,
For some low word that I may speak,
May cease awhile their pining.

Somewhere a careless action wrought,
A moment's lapse of duty,
May leave a burned and blackened blot,
To desolate life's beauty.
Somewhere—God pardon—hasty words,
Like arrows heedless winging,
Find out some true heart's tender chords,
And pierce with cruel stinging.

Somewhere there is a spot of ground,
Now, haply, green and blooming,
Whereon, ere long, a withered mound
Shall rise for my entombing.
Somewhere there waits a vacant stone,
Perchance unhewn, unbroken,
To bear my name and age alone,
And crave Love's tearful token.

Somewhere there is a robe more bright
Than this my spirit weareth,
No sin-spot stains its perfect white,
Nor shade of grief it beareth.
Somewhere—I know not—none can see
Beyond Death's hurrying river
My father keeps a place for me
Safe in His house—forever!

READING AND THINKING.—Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge. It is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind.

IMOGENE'S LAST VOLUME.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

ALL the gossips of Elderville decided unanimously that Frank Stanton was a silly-head, to think of marrying such a bookish sort of a girl as Imogene May. Not but she might be good enough in her way; but what could he do, on a clerk's salary, towards supporting a wife, whom they knew couldn't mend a garment or cook a meal fit to be eaten!

"Them are kind of gals," (chimed in Aunt Persey Potter, at the social tea-drinking, where the matter was being pretty thoroughly discussed,) "that's allers readin' and writin' and talkin' about things in the moon, without knowin', maybe, much more of 'em than us commoner folks, aint jist the kind for young men to marry who want to git along in the world; not that I've anything particular agin Miss Imogene, only *she aint the sort for Stanton.*"

This last sentence was delivered with emphasis, in an oracular tone, and Aunt Persey pursed her mouth into more than its usual unyielding primness, as she took another cup of her favorite Souchong from the hands of her hostess.

"No more have I any disrespect for the young lady, for it's her misfortune, leas'twise, that her head is so full of notions," responded another of the guests. "She takes it naturally from her father, whose brain was so crammed with knowledge that he never *was* like ordinary mortals. But *then* he was a good man, and amazing fond of Imogene; and I've heard said he took the whole care of her after her mother died."

But notwithstanding the adverse decision of his case of alliance given by this neighborhood "Court of Errors," Frank Stanton and pretty, blushing Imogene May were pronounced one, by the white-haired village clergyman, as side by side they stood before the altar in the little brown church, one fragrant June morning. Even these croaking gossips, who had been so ready with their dismal forebodings concerning the match, were, in spite of themselves, led captive by the happy influences of the scene, and forgot all ominous shakes of the head, as seated in the carriage which was to convey them to the railroad, and thence to their city home, the happy pair bade adieu to the crowd of sympathizing friends, and, amid smiles and tears, drove away from the church door, beneath the roseate light of a new summer day—and of a new, and, as they fondly hoped, a richer, happier life!

Did Frank have cause to regret his choice? Not a bit of it! True, Imogene—or "Genie," as he lovingly called her, *would* now and then *write verses*, simply because she couldn't help it—(ask the birds if they can help warbling on a sunny spring morning, when their little hearts are brimful of joy)—and Frank, foolish fellow as he was, thought these effusions charming; as, also, that no simple stories of the heart could excel in true pathos and beauty those that so readily flowed from *her* busy pen. But as to housekeeping—*there*, Master Frank, we have you! We will acknowledge the wife's genius and accomplishments, her sunny face and winning tenderness; but, as Aunt Persey says of these quite pardonable attractions, "they aint jist the kind for a young man who wants to git along in the world," eh?

"Housekeeper," replies the happy, infatuated Frank, with an offended air; "if you can show me a better one you can work miracles!" So, the old-wives were at fault for once in their prognostics; and Frank, the fortunate fellow, rejoices in a wife whose good practical sense and active knowledge of every-day affairs, are fully equal to her intellectual worth and her amiable social qualities.

It was Imogene, the bride of a few months, who proposed exchanging their rather expensive boarding place for a quiet, humble tenement, where they two might make for themselves a peaceful home, in which she was the beneficent fairy whose ready skill and active hands worked such marvels of convenience and comfort, and even elegance, out of a limited portion of her husband's not extensive income, that he was no less astonished than delighted.

"Ah! Genie, darling, you are a veritable witch. Its quite evident that I am under the wand of an enchantress. Who but you could have made such a splendid transformation!" and the astonished Frank examined with delight the old, worn office-chair, now glowing in oriental splendor, with its richly flounced cover of crimson chintz, set off to the best advantage by a snowy tidy of delicate net work thrown over the back, while its capacious depth, stuffed soft and tacked with bright tufts of worsted, together with the added castors, made it "quite a model affair for deserving husbands"—at least this was Frank's decision, as he threw himself into it, with such an air of happy abandon, that Imogene clapped her hands and burst into one of those musical peals of laughter, calling him a grand old Turk; to which he playfully added, "that if so, she was certainly his 'Sultana,' and must

share his throne with him;" and catching her in his arms he drew her towards him, and thus they sat together in the big arm-chair, before a bright fire, in their pleasant little sitting-room, all that stormy winter evening!

With such a help-meet, who could make easy chairs out of next to nothing, with her own skilful hands and a bit of chintz; and who wrote nice little stories, the proceeds of which brought them many an added comfort—(though of this, sly little witch as she was, Frank was kept in utter ignorance,) what wonder that fortune smiled upon the young husband, and at the end of three years he found himself raised to the office of junior partner in the establishment where he had previously been a clerk; and that by the excellent thrift of his sweet wife, he also found himself unpressed by debt, and with means sufficient, with their present prospects, of purchasing a delightful cottage-home in the suburbs of the noisy, dusty city.

CHAPTER II.

'Twas a cold November evening when the door bell rang, and hearing a familiar voice in the hall, Imogene hastily threw open the sitting-room door, and the next instant was clasped in the arms of her early heart-friend, Bessie Warden. For two long years these two congenial souls had been separated; and after the task of disrobing Bessie of her several extra traveling wrappers was laughingly accomplished, and the fatigue of her journey somewhat removed by a late supper, with a dish of tea from the still hissing urn, which Bessie declared "a delicious comfort after so cold a ride;" with many regrets that Frank should have been obliged to be out, on this particular evening of all others, when he was usually at home, and when he would have been so happy to welcome her old school-mate to their cottage, Imogene drew up the rockers before the blazing grate, in the cosy parlor, and, hand in hand, as of old, they sat together in the soft fire-light, talking of the happy past and present, comparing notes in regard to their individual experiences, and each, still in the morning of her days, looking forward to the future as to hours beautified by the roseate hues of a still unclouded hope, only Bessie recognised in the young wife's tones, while speaking of coming hours, a richer music than ever before, and felt the influence of deeper inspiration, breathing in all her words of loving endearment—felt a consciousness in her

presence that there had been a fuller unfolding of her woman's soul during their last separation than ever before, adding a sweetness and dignity to her every look and tone.

"But tell me, dear friend, about your new book. Do you know how interested I have been in it?" This question Bessie suddenly asked, during a slight pause in their conversation. "Is it published yet?"

"Yes," answered Imogene, softly, while a bright warm blush mantled her cheek and a beautiful light shone in her large hazel eyes.

"You know," said Bessie, "you wrote me, in reply to my inquiries about your idle pen, that you were concentrating all your energies upon it, and I shall expect a rich intellectual treat—something quite worthy of your genius." Bessie, who was herself a bit of an authoress, continued: "You will bear me witness, *ma chère*, that I have always insisted that your literary efforts were too spasmodic, and your productions, especially in poetry, quite too detached and fragmentary, to do justice to the talents which I know you possess; but why did you not send me a copy? I shall begin to feel jealous, considering how prompt you used to be in forwarding such favors."

"I thought to do so, certainly, but concluded to wait a little longer," said Imogene, with a half comical smile hovering about her lips; "and now let us on to the library; for you must know," she added, as they rose, "that Frank, dear soul, has fitted me a cosy little nook, which I dignify by this appellation;" and leading the way, Imogene and Bessie passed through a side door into a good sized sleeping apartment, and from this into a smaller room, the faint outlines of which were scarcely distinguishable by the dim light of a half extinguished gas burner. The next moment, with a soft, quick step, Imogene passed before Bessie, and turning on a full blaze of light, revealed, indeed, rows of well-filled book shelves, extending around two sides of the wall; the convenient little writing-desk, with all its *et ceteras*; but something still more surprisingly interesting in the small snowy canopy by her side, within whose softly falling folds stood a richly carved mahogany crib, where, like a little "cupid, lying among the roses" of a richly flowered satin coverlet, slept a beautiful babe!

For a moment Bessie, struck dumb with astonishment at this vision of infantile loveliness, could only hold her breath, lest the sweet vision should dissolve into "airy nothingness," and gaze upon the cherub, like

one spell-bound. A profusion of golden hair, soft and shining, surrounded the faultless head; one dimpled arm lay under the rosy cheek, while the other arm was tossed out among the roses—a thing of waxen beauty.

"And *this*, oh, Genie?" she at length asked, in a hushed whisper, of the happy young mother.

"Yes!" replied Imogene; "*this*, dear Bessie, is my last published volume—does it not exceed your expectations?" And the thankful mother bent over her darling of one short year with true maternal fondness. "Ah, Bessie," she added, "is not this worthy of my highest efforts?"

"Yes, isn't this Genie's best book," asked a low, manly voice in Bessie's ear.

The two friends turned with a start, and Frank, who had softly entered the room, threw both arms around them; and thus they stood, a happy trio, looking reverently down upon that great mystery—a *new human life*; while each decided that nothing which had ever been achieved in the realm of art or the fields of literature could equal this, greatest of all her productions—this unlettered book, fresh from the divine hand—Imogene's Last Volume?

MAPLE COTTAGE,
Hartford, Conn.

A DARKENED ROOM.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

"Think how the Son of God, unaided and alone,
Prayed in that dread agony, 'Thy will be done!'"

Blithesome days have flushed and faded,
Dreary nights have darkened o'er,
Since the sunlight broke and braided
Softened shadows on the floor;
Since the feet that pressed the portal
Went out slowly, all alone,
Heeding not that life immortal
Through a thrust of pain is won.

Hope's fair lights have failed their burning
In the clasp of clinging hands,
Prayers of wild and passionate yearning
Stirred the air of far off-lands;
Since within this chamber, darkened,
Through such long and weary years
I to Pain's dread voices hearkened,
Blinding pride with bitter tears.

Once, in days that lie in shadow
Of the darker ones since known,

Life seemed like a summer meadow,
All with daisies overblown;
But when gathered in its heaven
Clouds with coming tempests dark,
One of life's white hopes was riven
From the tendrils of my heart.

Then for refuge in my sorrow,
Silence in my hours of pain,
That no sunlight gloom might borrow
From the darkness on me lain,
Came I from the outward summer,
Locked the door of heart and room,
That no wing of angel-come,
Floating by, might meet my gloom.

God alone knew all the striving
That I held with dark despair;
God alone held power of shriving
Sins that grief alone would dare;
All I know is, that my praying
Beat in vain the prison-door,
In the balance sadly weighing
Life, with Death that weeps no more.

Fain at last to ease the wearing
Of my sorrow's deep unrest,
With me o'er the sea-waves bearing
One white rose from off her breast,
Left I all the ways behind me,—
We, together, once had trod,—
With no parting tears to blind me,
Stricken by a sharper rod.

Years have vanished through the portal
Of the Past's far shadow land;
Years that to the life immortal
Near and nearer bade me stand;
I have gathered relics holy
In the temples of the East,
Where the faithful, bending lowly
Pray that heathen-reign may cease;

And, thank God! where once in anguish
Jesus wore the crown of thorns,
Where the people in their madness
Hurled at Him their bitter scorn,
I from pain so dark and faithless
That my life, like night had grown,
Turning to the Love proved deathless,
Said at last, "Thy will be done!"

Darkened, haunted, thou no longer
By the gloom of grief shall be!
Lattice-roses, climb ye stronger
Than in years now past for me!
Throw your tendrils through the casement
Wreath your bloom around the door;
Pain that brings from God estrangement
In my heart shall burn no more!

Charlotte Centre, N. Y.

TORRINI AND THE POPE.

FROM MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN.

I DETERMINED on profiting by the reputation I had gained, and proceeded to Rome, as a brilliant termination to my Italian representations. Pinatti had never dared to enter that city, lest through distrust of himself than through fear of the Inquisition, of which he could only speak with terror. The chevalier was extremely prudent whenever he was personally concerned; he feared being treated like a sorcerer, and ending his days in an *auto da fe*. More than once he had bid me take warning by the unhappy Cagliostro, who was condemned to death, and only owed to the clemency of the Pope the commutation of the penalty into perpetual imprisonment.

Confiding in the intelligence of Pius VII., and, besides, having no pretensions to the charlatanism of Cagliostro, I proceeded to the capital of the Christian world, where my performances created a great sensation. His Holiness himself, on hearing of me, did me the signal honor of requesting a performance, at which I was advised all the dignitaries of the church would form my audience.

You can fancy with what eagerness I acquiesced in his wish, and what care I devoted to my preparations. After selecting all my best tricks, I ransacked my brains to invent one worthy of my illustrious spectators. But I had no need to search long, for chance, that most ingenious of inventors, came to my aid.

On the day prior to the performance I was in the shop of one of the first watchmakers of Rome, when a servant came in to ask if his eminence the Cardinal de ——'s watch was repaired.

"It will not be ready till this evening," the watchmaker replied; "and I will do myself the honor of carrying it to your master myself."

When the servant had retired, the tradesman said to me:

"This is a handsome and capital watch. The Cardinal to whom it belongs values it at more than 10,000 francs; for, as he ordered it himself of the celebrated Bréguet, he fancies it must be unique of its kind. Strangely enough, though, only two days ago, a young scamp belonging to this city offered me a precisely similar watch, made by the same artist, for one thousand francs."

While the watchmaker was talking to me I had already formed a plan.

"Do you think," I said to him, "that this

person is still inclined to dispose of his watch?"

"Certainly," the watchmaker replied.—"This young prodigal, who has spent all his fortune, is now reduced to sell his family jewels; hence the one thousand francs will be welcome."

"Is he to be found?"

"Nothing easier; in a gambling house he never quits."

"Well, then, sir, I am anxious to purchase the watch, but it must be to-day. Have the kindness, then, to buy it for me. After that, you will engrave on it his eminence's arms, so that the two watches may be perfectly similar, and on your discretion the profit you make by the transaction will depend."

The watchmaker knew me, and probably suspected the use I intended to make of the watch; but he was assured of my discretion, as the honor of my success would depend on it. Hence he said:

"I only require a quarter of an hour to go to the gambling house, and I am confident your offer will be accepted."

The quarter of an hour had not elapsed ere my negotiator returned, with the chronometer in his hand.

"Here it is!" he said, with an air of triumph. "My man received me like an envoy from Providence, and gave me the watch without even counting the money. To-night all will be ready."

In fact, that same evening the watchmaker brought me the two chronometers, and handed me one. On comparing them, it was impossible to detect the slightest difference. It cost me dear, but I was now certain of performing a trick which must produce a decided effect.

The next day I proceeded to the Pontiff's palace, and at six o'clock, upon a signal given by the holy father, I stepped upon the stage. I had never before appeared before such an imposing assembly. Pius VII., seated in a large arm-chair on a dais, occupied the foreground; near him were seated the cardinals, and behind them were the different prelates and dignitaries of the Church.

The Pope's face breathed benevolence, and it was fortunate for me, for the sight of this smiling and gentle face dissipated an unpleasant idea which had been strangely troubling me for some moments.

"Suppose this performance," I said to myself, "were merely a feigned examination to make me confess my connection with infernal powers? May not my words be taken down,

and perhaps Cagliostro's perpetual imprisonment be reserved for me, as the punishment of my innocent experiments?"

My reason soon dismissed such an absurdity. It was not probable the Pope would lend himself to such an unworthy snare. Although my fears were completely removed by this simple reasoning, my opening address displayed my feelings in some degree, for it seemed more like a justification than the prelude to a performance.

"Holy father," I said, bowing respectfully, "I am about to show you some experiments to which the name of 'White-Magic' has been most unjustly given. This title was invented by charlatans to impress the multitude, but it only signifies a collection of clever deceptions, intended to amuse the imagination by ingenious artifices."

Satisfied by the favorable impression my address produced, I gayly commenced my performance. I could not describe to you all the pleasure I felt on this evening; and the spectators seemed to take such lively interest in all they saw, that I felt myself in unusual spirits. The Pope himself was delighted.

"But, Monsieur le Comte," he continually said, with charming simplicity, "how can you do that? I shall be quite ill with merely trying to guess your secrets."

After the "blind man's game of piquet," which literally astounded the audience, I performed the trick of the "burnt writings," to which I owe an autograph I set great store by. This is how the trick is done:

A person writes a sentence or two; he is then requested to burn the paper, which must be afterwards found intact in a sealed envelop. I begged his holiness to write a sentence; he consented, and wrote as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating that M. le Comte de Grisy is an amiable sorcerer."

The paper was burned, and nothing could depict the Pope's astonishment on finding it in the centre of a large number of sealed envelops. I received his permission to keep this autograph.

To end my performance, and set the crown on my exploits, I now proceeded to the trick I had invented for the occasion.

Here I found a new difficulty to contend with, which was to induce Cardinal de — to lend me his watch, and that without asking him directly for it; and to succeed I must have recourse to a ruse. At my request several watches were offered me, but I returned them with the excuse, more or less true, that they

had no peculiarity of shape, and it would be difficult to prove the identity of the one I chose.

"If any gentleman among you," I added, has a watch of rather large size, (this was the peculiarity of the Cardinal's,) and would kindly lend it to me, I should prefer it, as better suited for the experiment. I need not say I will take the greatest care of it; I only wish to prove its superiority, if it really possess it, or, on the other hand, to marvelously improve it."

All eyes were naturally turned on the Cardinal, who, it was known, set great value on the exaggerated size of his chronometer. He asserted, with some show of reason perhaps, that the works acted more freely in a large case. However, he hesitated to lend his beloved watch, till Pius VII said to him:

"Cardinal, I fancy your watch will suit exactly; oblige me by handing it to M. de Grisy."

His eminence assented, though not without numberless precautions; and when I had the chronometer in my hands, I drew the attention of the Pope and Cardinals to it, while pretending to admire the works and handsome chasing.

"Is your watch a repeater?" I then said to the Cardinal.

"No, sir; it is a chronometer, and watches of that degree of accuracy are not usually encumbered with unnecessary machinery."

"Indeed! a chronometer. Then it must be English?" I said, with apparent simplicity.

"What, sir?" the Cardinal replied, as if stung by my remark; "do you think chronometers are only made in England? On the contrary, the best chronometers have always been made in France. What English maker can be compared with Pierre Leroy, Ferdinand Berthoud, or Brèguet above all, who made that chronometer for me."

The Pope began to smile at the Cardinal's energy.

"Well, then, we will select this chronometer," I said, putting a stop to the conversation I had purposely started. "I have, then, gentlemen, to prove to you its solidity and excellent qualities. Now for the first trial."

And I let the watch fall to the ground. A cry of terror rose on all sides, while the Cardinal, pale and trembling, bounded from his seat, saying, with ill-suppressed wrath:

"You are playing a very sorry jest, sir."

"But, Monseigneur," I said, with the greatest calmness, "you have no occasion to be frightened. I merely wish to prove to these gentlemen the perfection of your watch. I beg

you not to be alarmed; it will escape scatheless from all the trials I subject it to."

With these words I stamped on the case, which broke, flattened, and soon presented a shapeless mass. At first I really fancied the Cardinal was going into a fit; he could scarcely restrain his passion; but the Pope then turned to him:

"Come, Cardinal, have you no confidence in our sorcerer? For my part, I laugh like a child at it, being convinced there has been some clever substitution."

"Will your Holiness permit me to remark," I said, respectfully, "that there has been no substitution. I appeal to his eminence, who will recognize his own watch."

And I offered the Cardinal the shapeless relics of his watch. He examined them anxiously, and finding his arms engraved inside the case, said, with a deep and long sigh,

"Yes, that is certainly my watch. But," he added, dryly, "I know not how you will escape, sir; at any rate, you should have played this unjustifiable trick on some object that might be replaced, for my chronometer is unique!"

"Well, your excellency, I am enchanted at that circumstance, for it must enhance the credit of my experiment. Now, with your permission, I will proceed."

"Good gracious me, sir, you did not consult me before destroying the watch. Do what you please, it is no concern of mine."

The identity of the Cardinal's watch thus proved, I wished to pass into the Pope's pocket the one I had bought the previous evening. But I could not dream of this as long as his Holiness remained seated. Hence I sought some pretext to make him rise, and soon found one. A brass mortar, with an enormous pestle, was now brought in. I placed it on the table, threw in the fragments of the chronometer, and began pounding furiously.

Suddenly a slight detonation was heard, and a bright light came from the vessel, which cast a ruddy hue over the spectators, and produced a magical appearance. All this while, bending over the mortar, I pretended to see something that filled me with the liveliest astonishment.

Through respect for the Pope no one ventured to rise, but the Pontiff, yielding to his curiosity, approached the table, followed by a portion of the audience. They might look and look; nothing was to be seen but flame.

"I know not whether I must attribute it to the dazed state of my brain," said his Holiness, passing his hand over his eyes, "but I can distinguish nothing."

I, too, had much the same idea, but, far from confessing it, I begged the Pope to come round the table and choose a more favorable spot. During this time I slipped my reserve watch into the Pope's pocket. The experiment was certain, and the Cardinal's watch had, by this time, been reduced to a small ingot, which I held up before all the spectators.

"Now," I said, "I will restore this ingot to its original shape, and its transformation shall be performed during its passage to the pocket of a person who cannot be suspected of complicity."

"Aha!" the Pope said, in a jocular tone, "that is becoming a little too strong. But what would you do, my good sorcerer, if I asked you to choose my pocket?"

"Your Holiness need only order, for me to obey."

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, let it be so."

"Your Holiness shall be immediately satisfied."

I then took the ingot in my fingers, showed it to the company, and it disappeared on my uttering the word "pass."

The Pope, with manifestations of utter incredulity, thrust his hand into his pocket. I soon saw him blush with confusion, and draw out the watch, which he handed to the Cardinal, as if afraid of burning his fingers.

At first it was supposed to be a mystification, as no one could believe in such immediate repair; but when my audience were assured that I had fulfilled my promise, I received the applause so successful a trick deserved.

The next day the Pope sent me a costly diamond snuff-box, while thanking me for all the pleasure I had occasioned him.

PAPER.

It is wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper is applicable in the hands of the Japanese. A writer states that he saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig skin, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and he even saw and used excellent water-proof coats made of simple paper, which did keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, nor dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plentiful and very

cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly every thing in a Japanese household; and he saw what seemed to be balls of twine, but were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose; and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of the authority, a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate, in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

MILTON'S DOMESTIC HABITS.

At his meals he never took much of wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, and perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but in his latter years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer, till five in winter, and if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then, with of course the intervention of breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself,—and afterwards played on the organ or the bass-viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, as he said, had a good voice but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest. * * Like many other poets Milton found the stillness, warmth and recumbency of bed favorable to composition; and his wife said that before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm of his

chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in the winter, which account is confirmed by the following passage in his *Life* by Phillips:—"There is a remarkable passage in the composition of *Paradise Lost* which I have a particular occasion to remember; for, whereas I had the perusal of it from the beginning, for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, which being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to orthography and pointing; having, as the summer came on, not been shown any for a considerable while, and desiring to know the reason thereof, was answered 'his veins never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted [at other times] was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much;' so that in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein." Milton's conversation is stated to have been of a very agreeable nature. His daughter Deborah said that he was "delightful company, the life of the conversation, and that on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility."

Richardson, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this testimony, adds that "he had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life, not sour, not morose or ill-natured, but a certain severity of mind; a mind not condescending to little things."

BEAUTIES.

BY JOHN H. BAZLEY.

Oh! there are beauties in our way,
Though some men cannot find 'em,
But think all's drear, without one ray
Of light and hope to bind 'em.

But yet, with thoughtful, modest men,
Who never fail to find 'em,
There's beauties in the woods and glen,
And beauty all around 'em.

Beauties in sculpture, paintings, flowers,
Though many cannot find 'em;
Beauty in sunshine and in showers,
Which leave much good behind 'em.

Beauties in truth, in love, in faith,
And good men always find 'em;
Beauties in what th' greater saith,
And in the books which bind 'em.

Beauties on land, in seas, in skies,
Beauty in lovely woman's eyes,
Beauty in babes, whom God has given,
Beauty in all the host of heaven.

"ONLY A SERVANT."

"MERCI, Mesdames!" said a small, feeble voice, in the ears of the ladies Froidart and Melcœur, as they walked arm in arm through the long street of Brioude one evening, during the Revolution, followed by a great lumbering boy *en blouse*, whose wooden sabots made a dismal clatter on the hard, loose stones, and who swung the lantern which he bore as if he had been a will-o'-wisp making sport with travelers' eyes. "Merci, Mesdames!" said the little voice, in the most suppliant accents, "I am cold and hungry."

Madame Froidart continued to walk with a stately, composed air, down the street; but the piteous voice immediately arrested the steps of Madame Melcœur, and touched her woman's heart.

"Where do you dwell, my petite?" she said, in soft, kindly accents, as she bent down and caressed the infant. "Why are you not at home?"

"My father went away yesterday to join the patriots at Grenoble, and he left me alone," replied the little girl, as she turned her face towards Madame Melcœur, and sighed as if she had been a widow instead of an infant.

Madame Melcœur smiled sadly, for the words and look of the child recalled her own saddest memories; then quietly taking the outcast by the hand, she led her to her own home.

"And what do you intend to do with the child, Lucelle?" said Madame Froidart, who had waited at the little wicket, with Jochim the lantern bearer, in order to give her friend good night.

"I shall share my bread, and the protection of my roof with her," was the reply of the kind hearted dame,

The father of Marie, who had gone to join the patriots at Grenoble, marched to La Vendée to slay the royalists of that province. He followed General Bonaparte to glory in Italy, and fell asleep among the snows of Russia, shouting *vive l'Empereur!* so that he never came back to Brioude. Marie was homeless and parentless when her father's heart ceased to pulsate, and his step became palsied in the career of ambition. He had wedded himself to the fate of a fanatic of war and glory; and he died, leaving a child of tender years to deplore his fanaticism. But thanks to that Providence which has preserved in woman's heart through all ages the strength and purity of primeval love, the little orphan had found a home and a mother in Madame Melcœur.

Madame Melcœur was the widow of a notary of Brioude, who had been slain in an emeute by some heroes who had come to the village of Brioude to propagate fraternity.

Left with a son of tender years and a slender patrimony, the good widow had devoted herself to the education of her boy and the economical care of her fortune. By one of those beautiful ordinations of an omniscient and benevolent Providence, which brings sweets from the saddest events, the sorrows which had oppressed the hearts of Lucelle Melcœur and her son Ernest, softened by degrees into religious seriousness, until, as if in accordance with a unity of sentiments, the thoughts of the mother and boy were both directed to the ministry; and Ernest, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Geneva, to prepare himself for the duties of a Protestant pastor. Madame Melcœur had just parted, a few days ago, from her boy, when the little outcast Marie made her appeal to her heart, and the instinct of maternity at once prompted her to accept the appeal. Little Marie Brioude soon grew up to be one of the fairest maidens in Auvergne; and, what was of far more account, she was acknowledged to be one of the most modest, intelligent, and discreet. Marie was not one of those damsels whose beauty strikes the eye at the first glance, and then falls upon the senses. When you looked in her face you felt your heart stirred with a deep emotion of beauty, such as you might feel when sitting in a church, and reading of Ruth, and Rebecca, and Rachel. You could look into her eyes, and feel that far down below the blue, serene, pellucid orbs which illumined her face, there were virtues shining like the reflection of flowers in a lake. Her hair was worn simply parted on her high, polished brow, like the tresses of Raphael's Madonna. Her dress, of the simplest form and substance, always possessed a character of native elegance, which it borrowed from the form of her who wore it. Her countenance was radiant with soul, and thought, and peace; and diligent were the hands of Marie Brioude.

The house of Madame Melcœur was a little old-fashioned dwelling, with a little old-fashioned garden, and high walls, and a quaint old wicket. On each side of the wicket grew a linden tree, which threw their branches over the walls, and formed a bower on the summer evenings, and curtained her flowers from the scorching beams of the sun. The old-fashioned house and the old-fashioned garden of the good dame, albeit they looked somewhat mo-

nastic from the highway, seemed always haunted by an angel, and full of beauty. Like some diligent little fairy, Marie made the rooms of her good patroness to shine as clean and brightly as her own bright eyes. She sung so sweetly, too, that the old men would pause to listen to her soft voice from the road, and they would bless her light heart as they walked on. The very flowers seemed to know and love her, for they were always more beautiful after she had trimmed and watered them; and Madame Melcœur loved her, and counted her as a daughter. Eight years sped away, and Ernest Melcœur had never revisited Brioude. The times were troublous, and the conscription was incessant, and so Professor Zingles, of Geneva, deemed it as well to send flattering accounts of Ernest's progress to his mother, as to send the lad home during the vacations; and as Ernest's letters were full of pious assurances of resignation to the course prescribed for him, she did not urge him to visit her. "I shall see him when he has finished his studies, and has entered, a strong man, upon the work of the Lord. I shall behold him when the Master wills it," she would say; and then these reflections would remind her of her own duties, and would prompt her to some new benevolent scheme, which always taxed her slender means, but not her heart.

Of all the projects that inspired Madame Melcœur, that of educating the little outcast children of Brioude seemed the most useful and imperative. When she looked at Marie, and felt what a priceless blessing that little infant of the streets had become to her through care and culture, her bosom would swell with emotions of gratitude to God, and she would vow in her heart to consecrate her life to the education of the little Ishmaelites of her native town. Unfortunately the widow was too poor to enter immediately into her design. She must needs save the funds necessary for the establishment she purposed; and before the requisite sum was accumulated, a sudden illness carried the benevolent projectress to an untimely grave.

Marie Brioude did not shed many tears when her benefactress died. The world could not tell that she suffered, from the revelations of her face. It was as still and serene as a summer's heaven. Her sorrows were hidden in the mourning chambers of her bosom. She received into her soul the blessing of her who had been a mother to her; she closed her eyes in death with the tenderness of a daughter; she followed her to her silent tomb with the

resignation of faith; she planted flowers upon her grave, as emblems of her life; and then she went forth into the world, that she might devote her life to the purpose of Madame Melcœur's latter days. Marie Brioude left her native village, whose name she bore, and with recommendations from the maire and Protestant clergyman, simply bearing witness to her good character, she proceeded to Grenoble, in Dauphiny, where, by one of those fortuitous circumstances which some people call chance, and others fate or fortune, she was received as a domestic into the house of Madame Froidart. Madame Froidart had left Brioude, with her daughter, in the very year that her friend had received Marie into her home; and as there was little community of tastes and few sympathies existing between them, there had been no correspondence. Madame Froidart, whose husband was in the commissariat department, was now wealthy, and this was, perhaps, another inducement for her to forget the poor and unfashionable Lucelle Melcœur. Her daughter Dora, too, had engrossed her soul as much as Ernest Melcœur had done that of his mother, and she had striven to render her child as accomplished and fashionable as the other had endeavored to make her son good.

Marie Brioude, who had hitherto been loved and treated as the child and friend of a high-souled woman, now found herself the slave of a capricious beauty. The smile that so enlivens service never shone upon the lips of Dora Froidart. The gentle word, so easily said, and the well-bred "If you please" and "Thank you," never stole in dulcet accents from the tongue of Dora Froidart. The imperative gesture and the cold command were all that she vouchsafed to her, whom she always declared to be "only a servant." Marie Brioude would not have been noble, unless she had been what Dora despised—a servant. It was the noblest probation of her life, and its end was glorified by the purpose of her toil. She could have submitted to a servitude far more galling than even that of Dora, in order to accomplish the object which, like the pillar of light, led her through the dark Egyptian night of her incessant, cheerless labors.

"Come, Marie," Dora would say, "and remove those geraniums; I am sick of their odor. I wonder why mamma can so delight to torment me with them!" and then she would command them to be arranged before her on the stand, that she might lie on the sofa and gaze at them, like some young eastern beauty in her harem. She would have her hair

braided à la *Madonna*, when in a pensive mood, and then she would transform the modest tresses into the most voluptuous Turkish curls, when her heart was touched with what she thought was love. Dora Froidart was capricious, and Marie Brioude was the slave of her caprices.

At length a visitor came to Madame Froidart's house, not a casual fashionable visitor, but a friend of the family, who had been long abroad, and to whom it behoved Dora to pay the most marked attention. He was not like the general visitors of Madame Froidart, for he neither played nor indulged in loud laughter; he was gentle and modest as a woman, and his voice was as earnest as a mother's prayer. Dora Froidart was sitting by the accomplished stranger, delightedly displaying the contents of her portfolio, when Madame Riquet, the prefect's vulgar wife, was announced.

"Tell her I am not at home," said Dora, half impatiently; "she is such a bore," she added, as she looked at her companion with a sweet smile.

Marie lingered for a moment at the door, and then with downcast eyes and a voice tremulous with emotion, she replied, "I cannot say so, mademoiselle; I shall say that you are engaged, but I cannot say that you are not at home."

"Dare you disobey me?" said Dora, rising and looking imperiously at the maiden, who now stood looking calmly in her face. "Do you know that 'you are only a servant'?"

"I know it, mademoiselle," said Marie, modestly but firmly, "and God grant that I may ever feel it. He whom I serve tells me not to lie."

Dora looked confounded, and she felt incensed. "If you are to regulate the procedure of this dwelling instead of me, it is time you were in this drawing-room and I in the kitchen" she exclaimed in a tone of lofty irony, which, however, fell harmless on the ear of Marie, and made the stranger's bosom heave with something like an "amen."

He looked from the domestic to her mistress during this short altercation, and a strange, undefinable sensation swelled his bosom as his eye seemed to rest familiarly upon Marie's lovely face. It was strange, passing strange, that thoughts of his mother and of home, with its flowers and streams, and green clustering vines, and white butterflies, and birds, rose on his tear-filled vision like a fond reality, when he gazed upon the humble servant, and long after she was gone. His heart treasured forever the sensation of that moment.

Four years had passed from the death of Madame Melcœur, when a woman, dressed in the humble but picturesque costume of the peasants of Auvergne, walked down the streets of Brioude, towards the dwelling of the clergyman of the village. She stood for a few seconds and gazed upon the closed windows and neglected garden of Madame Melcœur; and then she wiped away a tear from her eyes, as she pursued her course. The cottage of the minister had undergone a change since she had last seen it. The vines were trimmed and trained by some careful and tasteful hand; and the thatch upon the roof was carefully, and even elegantly, ornamented with willow twigs and flowers. The borders of the little garden were free from weeds, and the blossoms shone like prismatic stars from the clumps and clusters of fresh green leaves.

"Is M. Rideaux at home, madame?" said the stranger, when an aged dame, with yellow turban and large spectacles, set in tortoise shell cases, opened the door.

"M. Rideaux, my dear!" replied the voluble old dame, turning up her eyes and sighing; "ah, I hope he is at home; but his successor, my master, is in this house. Be pleased to step in."

Marie Brioude, for it was she, followed the aged housekeeper into the parlor, library and studio of the young clergyman of the village, who received her with a smile of sweetest, saddest welcome.

"Be seated, my friend," he said, pointing to a chair, and at the same time resuming his seat at his table. "You seem to have traveled far?"

"I have traveled willingly, and so do not feel that my journey has been toilsome," said Marie, as she opened the folds of the cloak, that almost enveloped her face. "I come to execute the will of my more than mother."

The voice and manner of the humble stranger struck the young clergyman so forcibly, that, impelled by some secret influence of respect, he arose and bowed.

"I am a native of Brioude, and was once a little outcast in it," continued the noble girl with emotion; "and I owe all I am, or shall ever be, to one who adorned it, and honored humanity, while she dwelt on earth. She died," said Marie, her tones changing from the accents of filial pride and gratitude to those of softest sadness, "leaving her home to be devoted to the purpose to which death denied her the power of consecrating her life. I have now acquired the means necessary for estab-

lishing the little school which my dear mother intended; and I shall devote the life which she preserved and sustained to this object of her love. Madame Melcœur, sir, left the deed of settlement with M. Rideaux, and perhaps you are now the trustee in this business?"

Marie received no answer to the question thus addressed, and when she looked upon her listener, his face was agitated with profound emotion.

"My sister, whom I have so longed to see," said Ernest at last, stepping forward and gently taking the hand of Marie. "Thou who bearest so much of my mother, in thy voice, and eyes, and heart, oh, welcome to my humble home!"

The shutters of Madame Melcœur's house were soon thrown open to the sunbeams, and they came dancing in at the window, and played with the curls of little children whom Marie Brioude taught to read; and they kissed the rosy cheeks and lips of the children whom Marie Brioude taught to pray. The flowers that had so long grappled with each other in uncultured animosity, now shot up into beauty and order when she approached them; and Ernest Melcœur, who had often shed tears of grief when he looked upon the home of his youth, and thought of her who was wont to bless him there, now smiled when he approached its precincts; for his mother's spirit, dwelling in Marie, had revived all of beauty or goodness that was ever associated with his home. He came again and again to his own old dwelling, now illumined by woman's devotion and woman's love. He often spoke to Marie of their first meeting, for he soon recognized in her she who was "only a servant," in the house of Dora Froidart; and he dwelt so often on the memory of the feelings which those moments inspired, that even Marie loved to hear him recount what had once been painful to her. By and by the wise people began to shake their heads, and smile, and declare that something would come of Ernest's visits to Marie Brioude.

On the midsummer day after Marie's return, there was a joyous fête upon the village green of Brioude. The little children of Marie's little school, with clean, rosy faces and bouquets of flowers in their hands, were drawn up in a semicircle, while all the villagers, old and young, dressed in their holiday attire, stood smiling around them. There was surely something of great importance to be done in Brioude that day, for the good old maire rubbed his hands and smiled, and looked grave

and wise, as he walked arm in arm with Ernest Melcœur, and then turned and looked at Marie, who presented cake and grapes to the objects of her love and care. At last the maire approached the young school mistress, and his heart seemed to grow too large for his bosom as he removed his hat from his head, and unrolled a cartel which he carried in his hand. "Citizens," he said, with emotion, "I congratulate our dear Marie Brioude upon receiving the highest 'Montyon prize' of this season, for her self-denial, and for her noble devotion to the will of her benefactress." As he spoke, he placed the medal on her breast, and an order for seven hundred francs in her hand, while the children threw their bouquets at her feet, and the villagers rent the air with their acclamations. In a few years other children than the children of the poor, were sent to share the love of Marie Melcœur; and the wife of the clergyman as faithfully discharged the duties of her love, as had done the orphan girl. Like the sun which warms and illumines this poor world of ours; like the summer winds that waft glad stories of God and beauteous nature from the far lands over the deep; like the stars which spangle the black arch of night, and lead the soul through the dark concave up to heaven, Marie continued to the end of her life to serve her Maker, and to bless mankind, by continuing to be "only a servant,"

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. I.

Poor, poor girls, how I pity you! Now, I know you will wonder why, and if you will patiently listen, I will enlighten you. Many of you have bright, pretty eyes, and rosy cheeks, and soft ringlets; or, if you have not these, you are kind, and obliging, and patient; and your older brothers, ever since you were wee bit of things, have told you how pretty or good you were; and your self-denying mother has worn her old bonnet three winters, and denied herself that long-talked-of visit to grandpa's, to hire for you a teacher in French and music. Your father has sent the carriage to school for you, if it but sprinkled, and leaned on the railing in front of the pew in church to have an excuse to catch a sideways glance of your happy face, and give you a sip of that most bewitching draught—flattery. When a little older, half a dozen gentlemen have hovered around you, chatted with you at picnics, manœuvred to obtain a seat in the same

four-horse sleigh at the great ride of the season, and the courageous ones have all sued for your hand and been rejected—all but your darling Charley.

And now what a perfect paradise of bliss and exaltation is yours! Charley is so self-denying and devoted, so willing to give up his favorite cigar, because you merely hint that you dislike the perfume, devotes hours to his intractable hair after hearing you express a preference for wavy locks, dotes on Tennyson, and votes his favorite Longfellow tiresome to a degree, with you; and so on, to the end of the chapter, till you reach the summit of the queenship of life—the bridal morning!

Who, now, could be more considerate and kind than your chosen? The carriage window must be closed, for fear of the draught—the mother-in-law's pet gift exchanged, because you do not exactly fancy it; the softest chair placed at your disposal; and thus you live for a few months; and then, just as your mind becomes completely imbued with the idea that your will and pleasure is what the whole world, and your husband especially, was made for, comes the awakening. First, Charley's breath begins to smell of the odious cigar—then he leaves you a whole evening, to meet his old associates down town; and when he finds out how you have missed him, kisses you tenderly and promises never to do so again. But, old habits are strong, and in less than three weeks he has stayed away till ten o'clock two nights in succession, calls you a silly little puss if he finds tears on your cheeks, says he will bring a new book when he is obliged to be absent again, so you will not be lonesome and cry!

Just as if a new book could drive away the picture of the nice home-grate, blazing with light, and mother, in her cosy arm-chair, busy over her work-basket, and father with his paper, and teasing, loving brother Frank, and sister Lucy, and, the one dearer than all, turning over the music sheets and pleading for one more song—just as if a new book could shorten the dragging ticking of the clock, or bring glad sounds to the ear, listening for the one only welcome sound—Charley's footsteps.

But it is of no use to coax, or cry, or fret; your Charley is like almost all others—mind, I do not say *all*; I wish I could, so that the few good self-denying ones would not make the first seem worse by contrast—and has his own pursuits and pleasures independent of you; and you may as well settle down and make the best of it, and be as cheerful as you can.

And, now, dear girls, I wish I could tell you

what to do with your evenings. You will be tempted to invite some lively pretty cousin to reside with you; but that would not be best—for either your husband would like or dislike her, and either might put troubled thoughts into your brain, or, in some dark hour, when the shadow of your loss of queenship was heavy upon you, a little confidential talk might burst from your lips, that would be but the spring of a mighty stream, which would deluge and destroy all the sweet flowers that bloom in the married woman's pathway; for wo to that woman's happiness who has a bosom friend beside her chosen! But there is one thing left you girls, and though the first draught may be bitter, yet you will find sweetness after awhile. You can study, and think, and act, and lay a broad foundation for a noble, refined and intellectual woman; and when your Charley, tired of the turmoil and hollow-heartedness of the world, turns to you for companionship, he will find you meet, not only to walk by his side, but to lead him up into paths his lagging footsteps never trod, and from that last turning to you, there will be no turning back.

Berea, Ohio.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

"Sing to me, papa, it makes me feel so much better," said the little sick Adeline, as she tossed restlessly on the pillows; and as "Jesus, lover of my soul," floated out through the sweet peas and honeysuckles of the sick chamber windows, Adeline fell into a quiet and refreshing slumber.

Music is one of Heaven's own boons—the consoler not only of childhood, but of all the descendants of Adam—the *quid pro quo* for their lost Eden. Music can move us to laughter or to tears, and never, since the days of Saul and David, was there a sore or troubled heart, a dark or unquiet spirit, that could not be soothed or tranquilized by its gentle influence. It steals upon us like the rustling of angels wings, and ere we are aware, the strife has ended, the tumult has ceased, and that still small voice—through music—has said, "Peace, be still." With music we lull to sleep the babe on the bosom of infancy, and with music we waft the soul of the old man over death's dark river, but to be greeted with music as he moors his bark on the other side.

FAIR HAVEN,

Carroll Co., Illinois, Nov. 1859.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. I.

No June day ever opened with a fairer promise. Not a single cloud flecked the sky, and the sun coursed onwards through the azure sea until past meridian, without throwing to the earth a single shadow. Then, low in the west, appeared something obscure and hazy, blending the hill tops with the horizon; an hour later, and three or four small fleecy islands were seen, clearly outlined in the airy ocean, and slowly ascending—avant couriers of a coming storm. Following these were mountain peaks, snow-capped and craggy, with desolate valleys between. Then, over all this arctic panorama, fell a sudden shadow. The white tops of the cloudy hills lost their clear, gleaming outlines, and their slumberous stillness. The atmosphere was in motion, and a white scud began to drive across the heavy, dark masses of clouds that lay far back against the sky in mountain-like repose.

How grandly now began the onward march of the tempest, which had already invaded the sun's domain, and shrouded his face in the smoke of approaching battle. Dark and heavy it lay along more than half the visible horizon; while its crown invaded the zenith.

As yet, all was silence and portentous gloom. Nature seemed to pause and hold her breath in dread anticipation. Then came a muffled, jarring sound, as of far distant artillery, which died away into an oppressive stillness. Suddenly from zenith to horizon the cloud was cut by a fiery stroke, an instant visible. Following this, a heavy thunder peal shook the solid earth and rattled in booming echoes along the hill sides and amid the cloudy caverns above.

At last the storm came down on the wind's strong pinions, swooping fiercely to the earth, like an eagle to its prey. For one wild hour it raged, as if the Angel of Destruction were abroad.

At the window of a house, standing picturesquely among the Hudson highlands, and looking down upon the river, stood a maiden and her lover, gazing upon this wild war among the elements. Fear had pressed her closely to his side, and he had drawn an arm around her in assurance of safety.

Suddenly the maiden clasped her hands over her face, cried out and shuddered. The lightning had shivered a tree upon which her gaze was fixed, rending it as she could have rent a willow wand.

"God is in the storm," said the lover, bending to her ear. He spoke reverently, and in a voice that had in it no tremor of fear.

The maiden withdrew her hands from before her shut eyes, and looking up into his face, answered, in a voice which she strove to make steady:

"Thank you, Hartley, for the words. Yes, God is present in the storm, as well as in the sunshine."

"Look!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, pointing to the river. A boat had just come in sight. It contained a man and a woman. The former was striving with a pair of oars to keep the boat right in the eye of the wind; but while the maiden and her lover still gazed at them, a wild gust swept down upon the water and drove their frail bark under. There was no hope in their case; the floods had swallowed them, and would not give up their living prey.

A moment afterwards and an elm, whose great arms had, for nearly a century, spread themselves out in the sunshine tranquilly, or battled with the storms, fell crashing against the house, shaking it to the very foundations.

The maiden drew back from the window, overcome with terror. These shocks were too much for her nerves. But her lover restrained her, saying, with a covert chiding in his voice: "Stay, Irene! There is a wild delight in all this, and are you not brave enough to share it with me?"

But she struggled to release herself from his arm, replying, with a shade of impatience—

"Let me go, Hartley! Let me go!"

The flexed arm was instantly relaxed, and the maiden was free. She went back, hastily, from the window, and sitting down on a sofa, buried her face in her hands. The young man did not follow her, but remained standing by the window, gazing out upon nature in her strong convulsion. It may, however, be doubted whether his mind took note of the wild images that were pictured in his eyes. A cloud was in the horizon of his mind, dimming its heavenly azure. And the maiden's sky was shadowed also.

For two or three minutes the young man stood by the window, looking out at the writhing trees, and the rain pouring down an avalanche of water, and then, with a movement that indicated a struggle and a conquest, turned and walked towards the sofa on which the maiden still sat, with her face hidden from view. Sitting down beside her, he took her hand. It lay passive in his. He pressed it

gently; but she gave back no returning pressure. There came a sharp, quick gleam of lightning, followed by a crash that jarred the house. But Irene did not start—we may question whether she even saw the one, or heard the other, except as something remote.

"Irene!"

She did not stir.

The young man leaned closer, and said, in a tender voice—

"Irene—darling—"

Her hand moved in his—just moved—but did not return the pressure of his own.

"Irene." And now his arm stole around her. She yielded, and turning, laid her head upon his shoulder.

There had been a little storm in the maiden's heart, consequent upon the slight restraint ventured on by her lover when she drew back from the window; and it was only now subsiding.

"I did not mean to offend you," said the young man, penitently.

"Who said that I was offended?" She looked up, with a smile that only half obliterated the shadow. "I was frightened, Hartley. It is a fearful storm!" And she glanced towards the window.

The lover accepted this affirmation, though he knew better in his heart. He knew that his slight attempt at constraint had chafed her naturally impatient spirit, and that it had taken her some time to regain her lost self-control.

Without, the wild rush of winds was subsiding, the lightning gleamed out less frequently, and the thunder rolled at a farther distance. Then came that deep stillness of nature which follows in the wake of the tempest, and in its hush the lovers stood again at the window, looking out upon the wrecks that were strewn in its path. They were silent, for on both hearts was a shadow, which had not rested there when they first stood by the window, although the sky was then more deeply veiled. So slight was the cause on which these shadows depended, that memory scarcely retained its impression. He was tender, and she was yielding; and each tried to atone by loving acts for a moment of willfulness.

The sun went down while yet the skirts of the storm were spread over the western sky, and without a single glance at the ruins which lightning, wind, and rain had scattered over the earth's fair surface. But he arose gloriously in the coming morning, and went upward in his strength, consuming the vapors at a breath, and drinking up every bright dew drop

that welcomed him with a quiver of joy. The branches shook themselves in the gentle breezes his presence had called forth to dally amid their foliage and sport with the flowers; and every green thing put on a fresher beauty in delight at his return; while from the bosom of the trees—from hedge row and from meadow—went up the melody of birds.

In the brightness of this morning, the lovers went out to look at the storm-wrecks, that lay scattered around. Here a tree had been twisted off where the tough wood measured by feet instead of inches; there stood the white and shivered trunk of another sylvan lord, blasted in an instant by a lightning stroke: and there lay, prone upon the ground, giant limbs, which, but the day before, spread themselves abroad in proud defiance of the storm. Vines were torn from their fastenings; flower beds destroyed; choice shrubbery, tended with care for years, shorn of its beauty. Even the solid earth had been invaded by floods of water, which plowed deep furrows along its surface. And saddest of all, two human lives had gone out while the mad tempest raged in uncontrollable fury.

As the lover and maiden stood looking at the signs of violence so thickly scattered around, the former said, in a cheerful tone—

"For all his wild, desolating power, the tempest is vassal to the sun and dew. He may spread his sad trophies around, in brief, blind rage; but they soon obliterate all traces of his path, and make beautiful what he has scarred with wounds or disfigured by the tramp of his iron heel."

"Not so, my children," said the calm voice of the maiden's father, to whose ears the remark had come. "Not so, my children. The sun and dew never fully restore what the storm has broken and trampled upon. They may hide disfiguring marks, and cover with new forms of life and beauty the ruins which time can never restore. This is something, and we may take the blessing thankfully, and try to forget what is lost, or so changed as to be no longer desirable. Look at this fallen and shattered elm, my children. Is there any hope for that in the dew, the rain and sunshine? Can these build it up again, and spread out its arms as of old, bringing back to me, as it has done daily, the image of my early years? No, my children. After every storm are ruins which can never be repaired. Is it not so with that lightning-stricken oak? And what art can restore to its exquisite loveliness this statue of Hope, thrown down by the ruthless

hand of the unsparing tempest? Moreover, is there human vitality in the sunshine and fructifying dew? Can they put life into the dead?

"No—no—my children. And take the lesson to heart. Outward tempests but typify and represent the fiercer tempests that too often desolate the human soul. In either case something is lost that can never be restored. Beware, then, of storms, for wreck and ruin follow as surely as the passions rage."

CHAPTER II.

Irene Delancy was a girl of quick, strong feelings, and an undisciplined will. Her mother died before she reached her tenth year. From that time, she was either at home under the care of domestics, or within the scarcely more favorable surroundings of a boarding school. She grew up beautiful and accomplished, but capricious and with a natural impatience of control, that unwise reactions on the part of those who attempted to govern her, in no degree tempered.

Hartley Emerson, as a boy, was self-willed and passionate; but possessed many fine qualities. A weak mother yielded to his resolute struggles to have his own way, and so he acquired, at an early age, control over his own movements. He went to college, studied hard, because he was ambitious, and graduated with honor. Law he chose as a profession; and in order to secure the highest advantages, entered the office of a distinguished attorney in the city of New York, and gave to its study the best efforts of a clear, acute and logical mind. Self-reliant, proud, and in the habit of reaching his ends by the nearest ways, he took his place at the bar with a promise of success rarely exceeded. From his widowed mother, who died before he reached his majority, Hartley Emerson inherited a moderate fortune, with which to begin the world. Few young men started forward on their life-journey with so small a number of vices, or with so spotless a moral character. The fine intellectual cast of his mind, and his devotion to study, lifted him above the baser allurements of sense, and kept his garments pure.

Such were Irene Delancy and Hartley Emerson—lovers and betrothed at the time we present them to our readers. They met, two years before, at Saratoga, and drew together by a mutual attraction. She was the first to whom his heart had bowed in homage; and until she looked upon him, her pulse had never beat quicker at sight of a manly form.

Mr. Edmund Delancy, a gentleman of some

wealth and advanced in years, saw no reason to interpose objections. The family of Emerson occupied a social position equal with his own; and the young man's character and habits were blameless. So far, the course of love ran smooth; and only three months intervened until the wedding day.

The closer relation into which the minds of the lovers came, after their betrothal and the removal of a degree of deference and self-constraint, gave opportunity for the real character of each to show itself. Irene could not always repress her willfulness and impatience of another's control; nor her lover hold a firm hand on quick-springing anger when anything checked his purpose. Pride, and adhesiveness of character, under such conditions of mind, were dangerous foes to peace—and both were proud and tenacious.

The little break in the harmonious flow of their lives, noticed as occurring while the tempest raged, was one of many such incidents; and it was in consequence of Mr. Delancy's observation of these unpromising features in their intercourse, that he spoke with so much earnestness about the irreparable ruin that followed in the wake of storms.

At least once a week Emerson left the city, and his books and cases, to spend a day with Irene in her tasteful home; and sometimes he lingered there for two or three days at a time. It happened, almost invariably, that some harsh notes jarred in the music of their lives during these pleasant seasons, and left on both their hearts a feeling of oppression; or worse, a brooding sense of injustice. Then there grew up between them an affected opposition and indifference—and a kind of half sportive, half earnest wrangling about trifles, which too often grew serious.

Mr. Delancy saw this with a feeling of regret, and often interposed to restore some broken links in the chain of harmony.

"You must be more conciliating, Irene," he would often say to his daughter. "Hartley is earnest and impulsive, and you should yield to him gracefully, even when you do not always see and feel as he does. This constant opposition, and standing on your dignity about trifles, is fretting both of you, and bodes evil in the future."

"Would you have me assent if he said black was white?" she answered to her father's remonstrance, one day, balancing her little head firmly and setting her lips together in a resolute way.

"It might be wiser to say nothing than to

utter dissent, if, in so doing, both were made unhappy," returned her father.

"And so let him think me a passive fool."

"No; a prudent girl, shaming his unreasonableness by her self-control."

"I have read somewhere," said Irene, "that all men are self-willed tyrants—the words do not apply to you, my father, and so there is an exception to the rule." She smiled a tender smile as she looked into the face of a parent who had ever been too indulgent. "But, from my experience with a lover, I can well believe the sentiment based in truth. Hartley must have me think just as he thinks, and do what he wants me to do, or he gets ruffled. Now, I don't expect, when I am married, to sink into a mere nobody—to be my husband's echo and shadow; and the quicker I can make Hartley comprehend this, the better will it be for both of us. A few ruffings of his feathers now, will teach him how to keep them smooth and glossy in the time to come."

"You are in error, my child," replied Mr. Delancy, speaking very seriously. "Between those who love a cloud should never interpose; and I pray you, Irene, as you value your peace, and that of the man who is about to become your husband, to be wise in the very beginning, and dissolve with a smile of affection every vapor that threatens a coming storm. Keep the sky always bright."

"I will do everything that I can, father, to keep the sky of our lives always bright, except give up my own freedom of thought and independence of action. A wife should not sink her individuality in that of her husband, any more than a husband should sink his individuality in that of his wife. They are two equals, and should be content to remain equals. There is no love in subordination."

Mr. Delancy sighed deeply. "Is argument of any avail here? Can words stir conviction in her mind?" He was silent for a time, and then said—

"Better, Irene, that you stop where you are, and go through life alone, than venture upon marriage, in your state of feeling, with a man like Hartley Emerson."

"Dear father! you are altogether too serious!" exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "Hartley and I love each other too well to be made very unhappy by any little jar that takes place in the first reciprocal movement of our lives. We shall soon come to understand each other, and then the harmonies will be restored."

"The harmonies should never be lost, my child," returned Mr. Delancy. "In that lies the danger. When the enemy gets into the citadel, who can say that he will ever be dislodged? There is no safety but in keeping him out."

"Still too serious, father," said Irene. "There is no danger to be feared from any formidable enemy. All these are very little things."

"It is the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes, my daughter," Mr. Delancy replied—and if the tender grapes are spoiled, what hope is there in the time of vintage? Alas for us, if, in the later years, the wine of life shall fail!"

There was so sad a tone in her father's voice, and so sad an expression on his face, that Irene was touched with a new feeling towards him. She again put her arms around his neck, and kissed him tenderly.

"Do not fear for us," she replied. "These are only little summer showers, that make the earth greener and the flowers more beautiful. The sky is of a more heavenly azure when they pass away, and the sun shines more gloriously than before."

But the father could not be satisfied, and answered—

"Beware of even summer showers, my darling. I have known fearful ravages to follow in their path—seen many a goodly tree go down. After every storm, though the sky may be clearer, the earth upon which it fell has suffered some loss, which is a loss forever. Begin, then, by conciliation and forbearance. Look past the external, which may seem at times too exacting or imperative, and see only the true heart pulsing beneath—the true, brave heart, that would give to every muscle the strength of steel for your protection, if danger threatened. Can you not be satisfied with knowing that you are loved—deeply, truly, tenderly? What more can a woman ask? Can you not wait until this love puts on its rightly adjusted exterior, as it assuredly will. It is yet mingled with self-love, and its action modified by impulse and habit. Wait—wait—wait, my daughter. Bear and forbear for a time, as you value peace on earth and happiness in heaven."

"I will try, father, for your sake, to guard myself," she answered.

"No—no, Irene. Not for my sake, but for the sake of right," returned Mr. Delancy.

They were sitting in the vine-covered portico, that looked down over a sloping lawn towards the river.

"There is Hartley now!" exclaimed Irene, as the form of her lover came suddenly into view, moving forward along the road that approached from the landing, and she sprang forward, and went rapidly down to meet him. There was an ardent kiss, a twining of arms, warmly spoken words and earnest gestures. Mr. Delancy looked at them as they stood fondly together, and sighed. He could not help it, for he knew there was trouble before them. After standing and talking for a short time, they began moving towards the house, but paused at every few paces—sometimes to admire a picturesque view—sometimes to listen, one to the other, and respond to pleasant sentiments—and sometimes in fond dispute. This was Mr. Delancy's reading of their actions and gestures, as he sat looking at and observing them closely.

A little way from the path, by which they were advancing towards the house, was a rustic arbor, so placed as to command a fine sweep of river from one line of view, and West Point from another. Irene paused, and made a motion of her hand towards this arbor, as if she wished to go there; but Hartley looked to the house, and plainly signified a wish to go there first. At this, Irene pulled him gently towards the arbor; he resisted, and she drew upon his arm more resolutely, when, planting his feet firmly, he stood like a rock. Still she urged, and still he declined going in that direction. It was play at first, but Mr. Delancy saw that it was growing to be earnest. A few moments longer, and he saw Irene separate from Hartley, and move towards the arbor; at the same time, the young man came forward in the direction of the house. Mr. Delancy, as he stepped from the portico to meet him, noticed that his color was heightened, and his eyes unusually bright.

"What's the matter with that self-willed girl of mine?" he asked, as he took the hand of Emerson, affecting a lightness of tone that did not correspond with his real feelings.

"Oh, nothing serious," the young man replied. "She's only in a little pet, because I wouldn't go with her to the arbor, before I paid my respects to you."

"She's a spoiled little puss," said the father, in a fond, yet serious way; "and you'll have to humor her a little at first, Hartley. She never had the wise discipline of a mother, and so has grown up unused to that salutary control which is so necessary for young persons. But, she has a warm, true heart, and pure principles—and these are the foundation stones on which to build the temple of happiness."

"Don't fear but that it will be all right between us. I love her too well, to let any flitting humors affect me."

He stepped upon the portico as he spoke, and sat down. Irene had before this reached the arbor, and taken a seat there. Mr. Delancy could do no less than resume the chair from which he had arisen, on the young man's approach. In looking into Hartley's face, he noticed a resolute expression about his mouth. For nearly ten minutes they sat and talked, Irene remaining alone in the arbor. Mr. Delancy then said, in a pleasant way,

"Come, Hartley, you have punished her long enough. I don't like to see you even play at disagreement."

He did not seem to notice the remark, but started a subject of conversation, that it was almost impossible to dismiss for the next ten minutes. Then he stepped down from the portico, and was moving leisurely towards the arbor, when he perceived that Irene had already left it, and was returning by another path. So he came back, and seated himself again, to await her approach. But, instead of joining him, she passed round the house, and entered on the opposite side. For several minutes he sat, expecting every instant to see her come out on the portico; but she did not make her appearance.

It was early in the afternoon. Hartley affecting not to notice the absence of Irene, kept up an animated conversation with Mr. Delancy. A whole hour went by, and still the young lady was absent. Suddenly starting up, at the end of this time, Hartley exclaimed—

"As I live! there comes the boat; and I must be in New York to-night."

"Stay," said Mr. Delancy, "until I call Irene."

"I can't linger for a moment, sir. It will take quick walking to reach the landing by the time the boat is there." The young man spoke hurriedly—shook hands with Mr. Delancy—and then sprang away, moving at a rapid pace.

"What's the matter, father? Where is Hartley going?" exclaimed Irene, coming out into the portico, and grasping her father's arm. Her face was pale, and her lips trembled.

"He is going to New York," replied Mr. Delancy.

"To New York!" She looked almost frightened.

"Yes. The boat is coming, and he says that he must be in the city to-night."

Irene sat down, looking pale and troubled.

"Why have you remained away from Hart-

ley ever since his arrival?" asked Mr. Delancy, fixing his eyes upon Irene, and evincing some displeasure.

Irene did not answer, but her father saw the color coming back to her face.

"I think, from his manner, that he was hurt by your singular treatment. What possessed you to do so?"

"Because I was not pleased with him," said Irene. Her voice was now steady.

"Why not?"

"I wished him to go to the arbor."

"He was your guest, and, in simple courtesy, if there was no other motive, you should have let his wishes govern your movements," Mr. Delancy replied.

"He is always opposing me!" said Irene, giving way to a flood of tears, and weeping for a time bitterly.

"It is not at all unlikely, my daughter," replied Mr. Delancy, after the tears began to flow less freely, "that Hartley is now saying the same thing of you, and treasuring up bitter things in his heart. I have no idea that any business calls him to New York to-night."

"Nor I. He takes this means to punish me," said Irene.

"Don't take that for granted. Your conduct has blinded him; and he is acting now from blind impulse. Before he is half way to New York, he will regret this hasty step as sincerely as I trust you are already regretting its occasion."

Irene did not reply.

"I did not think!" he resumed, "that my late earnest remonstrance would have so soon received an illustration like this. But, it may be as well. Trifles, light as air, have, many times, proved the beginning of life-long separations between friends and lovers, who possessed all the substantial qualities for a life-long and happy companionship. Oh, my daughter, beware! beware of these little beginnings of discord. How easy would it have been for you to have yielded to Hartley's wishes—how hard will it be to endure the pain that must now be suffered! And remember, that you do not suffer alone; your conduct has made him an equal sufferer. He came up all the way from the city full of sweet anticipations. It was for your sake that he came; and love pictured you as embodying all attractions. But, how has he found you? Ah, my daughter, your caprice has wounded the heart that turned to you for love. He came in joy, but goes back in sorrow."

Irene went up to her chamber, feeling sadder than she had ever felt in her life; yet, mingling

with her sadness and self-reproaches, were complaining thoughts of her lover. For a little, half playful, pettishness, was she to be visited with a punishment like this? If he had really loved her—so she queried—would he have flung himself away, after this hasty fashion? Pride came to her aid in the conflict of feeling, and gave her self-control and endurance. At tea-time she met her father, and surprised him with her calm, almost cheerful aspect. But his glance was too keen, not to penetrate the disguise. After tea, she sat reading—or at least affecting to read—in the portico, until the evening shadows came down, and then she retired to her chamber.

Not many hours of sleep brought forgetfulness of suffering through the night that followed. Sometimes the unhappy girl heaped mountains of reproaches upon her own head; and sometimes, pride and indignation gaining rule in her heart, would whisper self-justification, and throw the weight of responsibility upon her lover.

Her pale face and troubled eyes revealed too plainly, on the next morning, the conflict through which she had passed.

"Write him a letter of apology, or explanation," said Mr. Delancy.

But, Irene was not in a state of mind for this. Pride came whispering too many humiliating objections in her ear. Morning passed, and in the early hours of the afternoon, when the New York boat usually came up the river, she was out on the portico watching for its appearance. Hope whispered, that, repenting of his hasty return on the day before, her lover was now hurrying back to meet her. At last, the white hull of the boat came gliding into view, and in less than half an hour it was at the landing. Then it moved on its course again. Almost a second of time had Irene learned to calculate the minutes it required for Hartley to make the distance between the landing and the nearest point in the road, where his form could meet her view. She held her breath, in eager expectation, as that moment of time approached. It came—it passed—the white spot in the road, where his dark form first revealed itself, was touched by no obscuring shadow. For more than ten minutes Irene sat motionless, gazing still towards that point. Then, sighing deeply, she arose and went up to her room, from which she did not come down until summoned to join her father at tea.

The next day passed as this had done, and so did the next. Hartley neither came, nor sent a message of any kind. The maiden's heart

began to fail. Grief and fear took the place of accusation and self-reproach. What if he had left her forever! The thought made her heart shiver, as if an icy wind had passed over it. Two or three times she took up her pen to write him a few words, and entreat him to come back to her again. But, she could form no sentences against which pride did not come with strong objection; and so she suffered on, and made no sign.

A whole week at last intervened. Then the enduring heart began to grow stronger to bear, and, in self-protection, to put on sterner moods. Hers was not a spirit to yield weakly in any struggle. She was formed for endurance; pride and self-reliance giving her strength above common natures. But, this did not really lessen her suffering, for she was not only capable of deep affection, but really loved Hartley almost as her own life; and the thought of losing him, whenever it grew distinct, filled her with terrible anguish.

With pain her father saw the color leave her cheeks, her eyes grow fixed and dreamy, and her lips shrink from their full outline.

"Write to Hartley," he said to her one day, after a week had passed.

"Never!" was her quick, firm, almost sharply uttered response, "I would die first!"

"But, my daughter—"

"Father!" she interrupted him, two bright spots suddenly burning on her cheeks, "Don't, I pray you, urge me on this point. I have courage enough to break; but I will not bend. I gave him no offence. What right has he to assume that I was not engaged in domestic duties, while he sat talking with you? He said that he had an engagement in New York. Very well; there was a sufficient reason for his sudden departure; and I accept the reason. But, why does he remain away? If, simply because I preferred a seat in the arbor, to one in the portico—why, the whole thing is so unmanly, that I can have no patience with it. Write to him, and humor a whim like this! No—no—Irene Delancy is not made of the right stuff. He went from me, and he must return again. I cannot go to him. Maiden modesty and pride forbid. And so I shall remain silent and passive, if my heart breaks."

It was in the afternoon, and they were sitting in the portico, where, at this hour, Irene might have been found every day for the past week. The boat from New York came in sight, as she closed the last sentence. She saw it, for her eyes were on the look-out, the moment it turned the distant point of land that hid the river

beyond. Mr. Delancy also observed the boat. Its appearance was an incident of sufficient importance, taking things as they were, to check the conversation, which was far from being satisfactory on either side.

The figure of Irene was half buried in a deep cushioned chair, which had been wheeled out upon the portico, and now her small slender form seemed to shrink farther back among the cushions, and she sat as motionless as one asleep. Steadily onwards came the boat, throwing backwards her dusky trail, and lashing with her great revolving wheels the quiet waters into foamy turbulence—onwards, until the dark crowd of human forms could be seen upon her decks. Then, turning sharply, she was lost to view behind a bank of forest trees. Ten minutes more, and the shriek of escaping steam was heard, as she stopped her ponderous machinery at the landing.

From that time Irene almost held her breath, as she counted the moments that must elapse before Hartley could reach the point of view in the road that led up from the river, should he have been a passenger in the steamboat. The number was fully told, but it was to-day as yesterday. There was no sign of his coming. And so the eyelids, weary with vain expectation, drooped heavily over the dimming eyes. But, she had not stirred, nor shown a sign of feeling. A little while she sat with her long lashes shading her pale cheeks; then she slowly raised them, and looked out towards the river again. What a quick start she gave! Did her eyes deceive her? No, it was Hartley, just in the spot she had looked to see him only a minute or two before. But, how slowly he moved, and with what a weary step; and even at this long distance, his face looked white against the wavy masses of his dark brown hair.

Irene started up with an exclamation—stood, as if in doubt for a moment; then, springing from the portico, she went flying to meet him, as swiftly as if moving on winged feet. All the forces of her ardent, impulsive nature, was bearing her forward. There was no remembrance of coldness or imagined wrong—pride did not even struggle to lift its head—love conquered everything. The young man stood still, from weariness or surprise, ere she reached him. As she drew near, Irene saw that his face was not only pale, but thin and wasted.

"Oh, Hartley! Dear Hartley!" came almost wildly from her lips, as she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over again on lips, cheeks and brow, with an ardor and tenderness that no maiden delicacy could

restrain. "Have you been sick, or hurt? Why are you so pale, darling?"

"I have been ill for a week—ever since I was last here." The young man replied, speaking in a slow, tremulous voice.

"And I knew it not!" Tears were glittering in her eyes, and pressing out in great pearly beads from between the fringing lashes. "Why did you not send for me, Hartley?"

And she laid her small hands upon each side of his face, as you have seen a mother press the cheeks of her child, and looked up tenderly into his love-beaming eyes.

"But, come, dear," she added, removing her hands from his face, and drawing her arm within his—not to lean on, but to offer support—"My father, who has, with me, suffered great anxiety on your account, is waiting your arrival at the house."

Then, with slow steps, they moved along the upward sloping way, crowding the moments with loving words.

And so the storm passed, and the sun came out again in the firmament of their souls. But, looked he down on no tempest marks? Had not the ruthless tread of passion marred the earth's fair surface? Were no goodly trees upturned, or clinging vines wrenched from their support? Alas! was there ever a storm that did not leave some ruined hope behind?—Ever a storm that did not strew the sea with wrecks, or mar the earth's fair beauty?

As when the pain of a crushed limb ceases, there comes to the sufferer a sense of delicious ease, so, after the storm had passed, the lovers sat in the warm sunshine, and dreamed of unclouded happiness in the future. But, in the week that Hartley spent with his betrothed, were revealed to their eyes, many times, desolate places where flowers had been; and their hearts grew sad as they turned their eyes away, and sighed for hopes departed, faith shaken, and untroubled confidence in each other for the future that was before them, forever gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARVING AT DINNER.

This extract from the recently published volume, entitled "Dinner, Breakfast and Tea," furnishes some interesting facts touching that most oppressive and laborious accomplishment, carving, and how burdensome it was made in olden time:

Carving was anciently taught as an art, and it was performed to the sound of music. In later times, we read in the life of Lady Mary W. Montague, that her father, the Duke of

Kingston, "having no wife to do the honors of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which, in those days, required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, to urge and tease her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated on by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man. There were at this time professed carving masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days—when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone, an hour or two beforehand.

A NOBLE DOG.

Dr. Abell, in one of his lectures on Phrenology, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog, in Cork. This dog was of a noble and generous disposition; and when he left his master's house, was often assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice. But one little cur was particularly troublesome; and, at length, carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of his foot. This proved to be a step in wanton abuse and insult, beyond what was to be patiently endured; and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not seem, however, to design that the culprit should be punished capitally; and he waited a little while till the poor animal, who was unused to that element, was not only well ducked, but near sinking, when he plunged in and brought him out safe to land.

COUSIN SOPHRONY CARTER. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Dear me, suz, Aunt Sylvy!"

"Wall, Sophrony, you'll live to see," answered, in a tone of doleful warning, Mrs. Sylvy Ritter, the little soft-voiced wife of Deacon Ritter, of Berry Farms; and she shook her head solemnly as she cleaved through the mellow heart of a ripe quince, and scooped out the core into a peck measure on one side of her, which was half filled with the golden parings of the ripe fruit. "This 'ere triflin' with young men's affectins, and hankerin' after the admiration o' this and t'other one, is sartin to bring down trouble on one's own head sooner or later. As my grandmother used to say, when a gal had got the true love of an honest man, and didn't set store by it, she'd live to see the day she'd repent on't; and I believe it's as true as scripture. Now, there's Josiah Stiles, as clever and sober-minded and good mannered a young man as you'll find—"

"Oh, now, for all the world, Aunt Sylvy," interrupted Sophrony, and she tossed her pretty, restless, wavering head, and then set herself more vigorously to work than ever at the muslin ruffle she was crimping with the small blade of her father's great pocket knife. "Josiah Stiles don't care anything special about me, or what I do. If I choose to go to the apple bee with Steve Platt, next Monday evenin', it's none o' his business; and I can't be made to see why I should put my finger in my mouth, like a scared school girl, and say, 'By your leave, sir.'"

Mrs. Ritter paused in the midst of her half pared quince, and turned right about and faced her niece, while the golden rind coiled about her fingers.

"Now, Sophrony Ritter," she said, with solemn emphasis, "you know better than that are; you know, when you say that Josiah Stiles don't care anything especial about you, that he worships the ground you tread on; and you know best, too, what sort of encouragement you've given him with your pretty flirtin' airs and ways—leadin' him on and holdin' him off for the last two years, as a gal o' your stuff can al'ays contrive to do; and now, when you feel in your own soul as sartin that you've got him fixed tight, as you do o' sittin' there this blessed minit, and that he, as noble a fellow as ever trod shoe-leather, loves you with a true, honorable love, and as a man only once loves a woman in his life, you're jest

goin' to try your own power by givin' him the mittin', and goin' to the apple bee in company with Steve Platt, who you wouldn't turn over your right hand for; and you'll laugh, and dance, and shake your head, and cut up gineerally; and be gloryin' all the time in the thought o' the pain, and fever, and madness like, which is goin' on in Josiah's heart. Oh, Sylvy, my dear child, you may depend on't, Satan's at the bottom o' all this, and he'll bring you into the mire sooner or later, as he al'ays does those who heed his counsels."

Sophrony Carter had sat turning all colors and nervously tapping her foot on the sanded floor, during her aunt's speech; for her own conscience would authoritatively rise up and confirm all that her aunt said, spite of the sophistries with which the girl tried to drown its voice; and she broke out irritably at the conclusion, as a self-convicted party is apt to do:

"Now, Aunt Sylvy, to be sure, one would think I was jest fit for prison or the hangman's rope, to hear you go on so. Can't a gal have a little bit o' fun with her beaux without your puttin' on as solemncholy a face as though she'd been ketched tocin' off a stockin' Saturday night after sundown? You've sich old fashioned notions; but you old folks forget you was gals once."

"No, Sophrony, I aint fergot; and it's the memory o' the time when your uncle Jacob Ritter first came a courtin' me, as Richard Carter did your mother, that makes me more in airnest, for I'm sot on doin' my duty by my dear sister's child, as I promised myself when I stood by her coffin, so that, if the Lord grant, I shall never have anything to reproach myself with when I look upon her face in Heaven; and, Sophrony, I'd be willin' she should look down and hear every word I'm sayin' to you this minit, cos, you know in your own soul its jest what she'd say too if she was a settin' in this chair."

Tears of genuine feeling and momentary penitence crushed themselves along the silken lashes which hid the bright blue eyes of Sophrony Carter. The angry flash died away from her cheeks, the daintily crimped ruffle fell into her lap, and she leaned towards her aunt with a softened expression of countenance, when her little brother's voice was heard at the kitchen door.

"I say, Sophrony, here's the bag o' flour. The miller couldn't get it ground afore, cos he had two or three jobs on hand."

"Well, Ike, I'm glad enough to see you at last," she exclaimed, briskly starting up. "I'll

set right to, Aunt Sylvy, and scour up the brass kettle for them preserves, and then I'll knead up the doughnuts, or I shan't get 'em baked for supper."

It was an afternoon in the Indian summer, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, that this conversation occurred, in the kitchen of farmer Carter's story and a half farm house. It was an old yellow-brown building, which had weathered half a century of storms, with a steep moss-cushioned roof and small windows and low ceilings. The kitchen was a great, ample, friendly room, with a huge fireplace and high "mantel tree." Long strings of peppers and quartered apples were hung over this, to dry for winter use; there was a chest of drawers, with bright brass handles, in one corner, and a table, whose ample snowy cloth had been spun by Sophrony's own hands.

The tender, serene sunshine of that autumn afternoon looked in through the open door and the small windows, on all these things. It fluttered with a loving caress about the walls and over the rush-bottomed chairs and on the floor. The robins sang in their nests, swung among the branches of the great motherly apple trees outside; soft winds sifted through the corn fields, and the long leaves fell away from the ripe golden ears, like faded hopes; and over all the earth brooded that tender and touching farewell which the face of the year wears, and which we hear in the voice of her winds when she gathers up all the beauty and glory of the spring, and the summer, and the autumn, into that last smile of hers—the Indian summer!

"Cousin Sophrony Carter"—almost every body in Berry Farms called her this, for she was related by blood or marriage to nine-tenths of the families—was a bright faced, plump, daintily moulded country maiden, just on the threshold of her twenty-second year.

She was an orphan, and had been so from her fifteenth birth-day, and her father was an honest, hard-working, God-fearing farmer, whose great earthly ambition was to clear up a few acres of pasture and meadow lot, for his two boys when they should come of age, and leave, as a marriage portion to Sophrony, the old homestead, which her mother brought him.

Cousin Sophrony Carter was a wonderful girl—so bright of glance, so spry of motion, that she could accomplish more work in one day than almost any maid or matron in Berry Farms. The way her spinning wheel would revolve, or her shuttle fly at the loom, was a perfect marvel to the whole village. She had

taken charge of her father's family ever since the death of her mother, and with her quick tact and dexterity the household work was more a play than a labor to the girl.

She was not beautiful, but she had bloom of color, and quick, bright changes of expression and grace of movement. She was a favorite with every body, especially with men, for she was lively, warm-hearted, vivacious, full of the mischief and animal spirits which high health always gives a naturally impulsive nature; but with all these good and attractive qualities there was one which eat with slow rust into the finest fibres of her being—one which I, writing this story, do solemnly and sorrowfully believe has been the ruin—life, and heart, and soul—of more of my sex, than any, almost any other thing, and this was—*love of admiration!*

It unconsciously undermined her principles; it led her into the commission of many a mean and petty act, which she would otherwise have scorned. She loved to stimulate the envy and jealousy of her numerous admirers; and Mrs. Ritter, who had long observed this quality in her niece, had resolved to relieve her conscience when she came over to "do up" the fall preserves of the Ritters; and the deacon's wife was greatly shocked to learn that Sophrony had accepted the escort of a man to the apple bee, for whom she cared nothing, which was coming off that week, at Widow Pike's, on the old turnpike road; for she knew that this was done simply to gratify her own vanity, and torment into jealousy the man whom all that was best and truest in the soul of Sophrony Carter honored and loved.

"Oh, Josiah, you don't mean to say that for true, now!"

She was a little, plethoric woman, with a pale face and a pleasant, motherly sort of smile, that took your heart at once; and she put down her flat iron on an inverted saucer as she asked this question, and there was something quivered through her voice, which made you feel that her very life was in her question.

"Yes, mother, I've enlisted, and the work's done. Come, don't give way, now."

He spoke it out blunt and strong, as a man usually does anything which is disagreeable to communicate, and which he wishes to get over with as soon as possible.

He was a stalwart, broad-chested young farmer, with a fine, manly, intelligent face, and a smile that was like his mother's.

"O—h, Josiah!"

She put out her hand with a sudden, bewildered movement, as though a sharp blow had struck her, and there was terrible anguish in those two spoken words.

"Wall, its all done now, mother, and there's no help for it. It don't become a strong, healthy young fellow, like me, to stay here, at home, and let others go off, leaving wives and children behind 'em, to fight for their country's freedom. I'm ashamed that I aint been on the field afore, when there's nobody but you to miss me much," and here a kind of gloomy spasms shot across his features.

"But, Josiah, you're all that your dear father left me; and if anything should happen to my boy—"

She did not need to finish the sentence, with the look that she bent on him.

He put his strong arm around her, and spoke out, in his cheerful voice:

"Come, now, mother, you're not of the stuff to keep your boy at home when his country needs him. That wasn't the way father acted when he headed a company to drive off the Indians you've told me about so often. Jest now the army's in terrible need o' recruits, and I tell you I want to be on hand to give them Red Coats the thrashin' they deserve."

"But, my boy, if anything should happen to you—if you should be taken prisoner, or have a leg or arm broken, or be shot down!"

And the little woman put up her trembling arms about his neck, and shivered in every limb.

"See here, mother, you'd better look on t'other side, and think how proud you'll be o' your boy Josiah when he comes home, Cap'n or Colonel, or some other big name—why, it'll sot you up all the rest o' your life to have such a feather in my cap."

She looked at him out of her kind, faded eyes, with such a world of doating tenderness that he could hardly bear it.

"I'm proud enough on you now, Josiah. How soon do you go?" after a little silence betwixt them.

"Early next week the company starts for head-quarters."

"Oh, so soon!"

"Yes; and there's plenty of work for you to do"—thinking it best to seize hold of some practical matter, in order to divert his mother's thoughts from the main subject. "I must have a couple of shirts and a reg'lar army suit. You're a soldier's mother now, and he's goin' off on a good cause, and you must show yourself true grit, like them old Spartans, and wish him God-speed."

She tried to answer him cheerfully, but the words fell into a sigh, for Josiah Stiles was his mother's only son, and she was a widow.

It was a raw, pallid faced, windy-beaten day, in the heart of November; Sophrony Carter was slicing off thin strips from a great mounce of Indian pudding, which stood on the table, and placing them in the spider, where a few squares of salt pork were sputtering over the bed of warm coals, which Sophrony had just raked up, in order to get supper in readiness, for the day was wearing into night, and her father and the two hired men had been hard at work, pulling stumps on some land they were clearing, and she knew they would bring sharp appetites to their supper.

Suddenly her brother Isaac came in, and poked his flaxen head betwixt her and the fire.

"Sophrony!"

"Don't be botherin' me now, you Ike. Jest git out of my way."

"Wall, I jest wanted to tell you that I met Josiah Stiles at the Four Corners, this mornin', and he said—"

"What did he say?" laying down her knife and looking up with sudden interest.

"Ophy, he said that he should start in about two hours to j'in the army, and he sent you his good bye, kindly."

There was a long pause; Sophrony Carter took up her knife again, but it shook back and forth, and made all sorts of zig-zags through the pudding.

"Ike," turning suddenly on him, "you jest watch that puddin', and see it don't burn; and when father comes in, ask him to slice up some o' that dried beef for supper."

Then she went up stairs and threw herself down on the low cot bed, in her little chamber, under the roof, and sobs of penitence and remorse shook the figure of Sophrony Carter like branches in a storm.

She knew then it was all her own work that Josiah Stiles had gone off and enlisted in desperation and despair, because of her conduct the week before at the apple bee; for, flattered by the evident admiration she received, and enjoying the thought that she was tormenting her lover, she had dined with one and flirted with another, and been led on to many foolish speeches and deeds which she afterwards regretted. And now that her wrong and cruelty had driven him from her—it might be forever—Sophrony Carter learned how, in the silence and holiness of her own soul, she loved Josiah Stiles—loved him with all the tenderness of

her heart, all the reverence of her soul, as a woman should love the husband of her youth.

"I deserve it all," she moaned to herself. "It is a judgment on me for all my folly and wickedness; and now, if he should be shot, and his blood should be on my head! Oh, Josiah, Josiah!"

But he was where those loving, pleading tones could not reach his heart, and Sophrony Carter was learning, as sooner or later we all must, that the wages of sin are suffering."

"How d'ye do, Miss Stiles? Aunt Lucy thought she'd send you over a jug o' fresh milk and a pumpkin pie this morning."

"It's very kind and thoughtful o' your aunt, Jason," answered Mrs. Stiles, as she received the gifts from the hard hands of the young man, who was the son of a neighbor, and one of her son's mates; but she did not observe the wistful, pitying glance which he shot into her face.

She carried the jug and the pie into the pantry, and returned in a few moments, and chatted with the young man about the winter's hanging off, and his aunt's health, and the new singin' school that was just being started at the stone "meetin' house," and then she asked suddenly,

"Oh, Jason, there aint any fresh news from the army?"

"Wall, yes," looking down: "There was some brought in last night to Squire Morgin's, Miss Stiles."

"Did you hear anything about it?"

"There's been another light skirmish up in York somewhere, and our boys has licked the British."

"I don't s'pose anything's come to hand about Josiah?"

She saw the look then of fear and pity which he darted at her.

"Oh, Jason," gasped out the little pale woman, "there hasn't anything happened to my boy, has there?"

Then the religion of the Puritans—that constant, solemn, living recognition of God, and His dealings with men, in all circumstances, at all times and seasons, whether of sorrow or joy, of pain or gladness, which every child was taught in every hour of his life, which were his morning and evening lesson, that solemn, indwelling, all-believing faith, broke out from the lips of the young man, as he grasped the stricken mother's hands, saying, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks, "It has not happened to him, Miss

Stiles, its happened to us, for Josiah's in heaven!"

She did not shriek or moan; she sat down, and covered her face with her hands, and he knew that her heart was broken!

"Mercy sakes, father, what a clatterin' you did make! I began to think the Injins had raly come."

Cousin Sophrony Carter was "heeling" a stocking one cold night, in the opening of December. She sat before the huge fire-place, where a birch wood fire was leaping in great fans of flame up the chimney, and filling the old kitchen with its ruddy glow. A small round cherry-stand stood on one side, and the girl had nearly upset this, with the solitary tallow candle which was placed on it, in her alarm at her father's sudden and noisy entrance.

He was a tall, broad-limbed, weather-beaten man, in a farmer's suit of blue "homespun," and he walked up to the fire, and spread his great hands close to the flames.

"Wall, child, I'm kinder dazed, and couldn't see my way clear. I've heard news."

"Bad news, father?"

"Yes, Sophrony. I got it from your Aunt Patty's, where I jest stopped to hear how Jerry's sick ox was coming on. It seems the Red Coats and our folks has had a skirmishin', and several was shot; and amongst 'em was Josiah Stiles. Sich a likely, promisin' young man! and he was his mother's idol, and its jest broken her heart. This war's a dreadful thing."

A sound of something falling heavily to the floor, caused the farmer to turn round suddenly, and he saw Sophrony lying senseless on the floor.

"I'd no idee 'twould take her down so," murmured the farmer, as he bathed the face of his child, and rubbed her cold limbs tenderly as a mother. "I must ha' told her too sudden, for she and Josiah was school-mates, and al'ays set a good deal o' store by each other."

It was New Year's evening, and the snow was falling thick outside, and the wind beat and stormed around the corners of the little red brown house, in the front room of which sat two pale, sorrowful faced women—a young and an old one; for Sophrony Carter never allowed a day to go over her head, without running in to see the broken-hearted mother of the man whom she had learned, too late, how tenderly she loved.

Grief and remorse had done much work with the girl's face in these four weeks. The old brightness and animation had gone out of it. Her voice, too, which was so full of richness and laughter, had now those soft falling tones which tell their own story of hidden sorrow.

Mrs. Stiles was more attached to the girl, than to anybody on earth, for she knew something of her son's affection for Sophrony; but Josiah had kept his secret well, for his mother never suspected that the girl's conduct was the real motive which had induced him to join the army.

"Wall, Miss Stiles, the snow's gettin' so deep, it wont do for me to stay any longer," exclaimed Sophrony, rising up, and throwing her blue flannel shawl over her head.

Before Mrs. Stiles could reply, there was a fumbling at the door-latch outside, which caused both the women to turn suddenly.

The next moment the door opened, and a white, haggard face, looked in on the two women, and a pair of feet shuffled feebly across the threshold.

"It's his sperrit—it's his sperrit, come back to accuse me," moaned the white lips of Sophrony Carter, as she crouched down behind Mrs. Stiles, shuddering in every limb, for the superstitions in which she had been educated at once suggested this to her morbid imagination.

But the figure came right forward, and the eyes, fastened on the old woman's face, did not see the girl which crouched behind it; and the former sat still, and frozen betwixt fear and hope, in her chair, speaking no word, making no sign.

"Mother, don't you know me? Ain't you got a welcome for your boy, that's come back to you from the gates of death?"

She tried to rise up, but she fell back into her chair—the tears streamed down her aged face into her clasped, withered hands, while she cried out,

"Josiah—my boy, Josiah!"

Then the figure, crouched down in the corner, rose up and darted forward—the arms, the soft plump arms of Sophrony Carter were gathered about the young man's neck, and she lay sobbing glad tears on his breast.

The storm of the dying year heaved and howled outside, but there was joy and gladness unspeakable under the little low roof of the widow Stiles, while her son sat between his mother and Sophrony, and recounted the long story of his sickness and sufferings, after he was left for dead on the battle-field.

VOL. XV.—3

It was a terribly severe lesson for Cousin Sophrony Carter, but it cured her of her besetting sins, as sharp and terrible afflictions are sometimes appointed of God for our healing.

Josiah Stiles regained his health at last, and, when the war was over, Sophrony Carter became his well-beloved wife, and years later used to say of her those most tender and solemn and beautiful words of Solomon, the son of David, that she was to him, indeed, "A GIFT OF THE LORD!"

YOUNG LADIES AND HOUSE WORK.

A gentleman, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgments of comfort on this account, and he therefore made no objection to it. One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead "What's the matter?" he asked. "Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chamber-maid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon." "Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very coolly, "Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction." "Why so?" asked the husband, in surprise, "you certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner." "I certainly do, then," replied his wife; "how should I know anything about cooking?" The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife. "You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed. "And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't you know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

THE LITTLE MAID OF ALL WORK.

SUPPER was not ready when Abraham Munday lifted the latch of his humble dwelling, at the close of a long, weary summer day. He was not greatly disappointed, for it often so happened. The table was on the floor, partly set, and the kettle over the fire.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Mrs. Munday, fretfully. "Home from work, and no supper ready. The baby has been so cross!—hardly out of my arms the whole afternoon. I'm glad you've come, though. Here, take him, while I fly around and get things on the table."

Mr. Munday held out his arms for the little one, who sprung into them with a baby shout.

Mrs. Munday did fly around in good earnest. A few pieces of light wood thrown on the fire, soon made the kettle sing, and steam, and bubble. In a wonderfully short space of time all was ready, and the little family, consisting of husband, wife, and three children, were gathered around the table. To mother's arms baby was transferred, and she had the no very easy task of pouring out her husband's tea, preparing cups of milk and water for the two older of the little ones, and restraining the baby, who was grappling first the sugar bowl, then the milk pitcher, and next the tea-pot.

"There!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Munday. And two quick slaps on baby's hand were heard. Baby, of course, answered promptly with a wild scream. But what had baby done? Look into the tea tray—the whole surface is covered with milk. His busy, fluttering hands have overturned the pitcher.

Poor Mrs. Munday lost her temper completely.

"It's no use to attempt eating with this child," said she, pushing her chair back from the table. "I never have any good of my meals."

Mr. Munday's appetite failed him at once. He continued to eat, however, but more hurriedly. Soon he pushed back his chair, also, and rising up, said, cheerfully—

"There, I'm done, Lotty. Give me the baby, while you eat your supper."

And he took the sobbing child from the arms of its mother. Tossing it up and speaking to it in a lively, affectionate tone of voice, he soon restored pleasure to the heart, and smiles to the countenance of the little one.

Mrs. Munday felt rebuked for her impatience. She often suffered from these silent rebukes. And yet, the trials of temper she daily endured were very great. No relish for

food was left. The wants of the two children were attended to, and then, while Mr. Munday still held the baby, she busied herself in clearing off the table, washing up the tea things, and putting the room in order.

An hour later. Baby was asleep, and the other children with him, in the land of dreams. Mrs. Munday was busy sewing on a little frock, and Mr. Munday sat with his face turned from the light, in a brown study.

"Lotty," said the latter, waking up from his reverie, and speaking with considerable emphasis—"It's no use for you to keep going on in this way any longer. You are wearing yourself out. And what's more, there's no comfort at home for anybody. You must get a woman to help about the house."

"We can't afford it, Abraham," was Mrs. Munday's calm, but decided answer.

"We must afford it, Lotty. You are killing yourself."

"A woman will cost a dollar and a quarter a week, and her board at least as much more. We can't spare that sum—and you only getting ten dollars a week."

The argument was unanswerable. Mr. Munday sighed and was silent. Again his face was turned from the light; and again the hand of his wife plied quickly the glittering needle.

"I'll tell you what we might do," said Mrs. Munday, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes.

"Well?"—her husband turned towards her, and assumed a listening attitude.

"We might take a small girl to help in the family. It would only cost us her victuals and clothes."

Mr. Munday mused for sometime before answering. He didn't just like the proposition.

"Anything," he at length said, "to lighten your labor. But, can you get one?"

"I think so. You remember poor Mrs. Barrow, who died last month? She left a little girl, about eleven years old, with no one to see after her but an old aunt, who, I've heard, isn't very kind to the child. No doubt she would be glad to get her into a good place. It would be very easy for her here. She could hold the baby, or rock it in the cradle while I was at work about the house—and do a great many little things for me that would lighten my task wonderfully. It's the very thing, husband"—added Mrs. Munday, with animation, "and if you agree, I will run over and see Mrs. Gooch, her aunt, in the morning before you go to work."

"How old did you say she was?" inquired Mr. Munday.

"She was eleven in the spring, I believe."

"Our Aggy is between nine and ten."

Something like a sigh followed the words, for the thought of having his little Aggy turned out, motherless, among strangers, to do drudgery and task work, forced itself upon his mind.

"True. But a year or so makes a great difference. Besides, Anna Barrow is an uncommonly smart girl for her age."

Mr. Munday sighed again.

"Well," he said, after being silent for a few moments, "you can do as you think best. But it does seem hard to make a servant of a mere child like that."

"You call the position in which she will be by too harsh a name," said Mrs. Munday. "I can make her very useful without overtaking her. And then, you know, as she has got to earn her own living, she cannot acquire habits of industry too soon."

Mrs. Munday was now quite in earnest about the matter, so much so that her husband made no further objection. On the next morning, she called round to see Mrs. Gooch, the aunt of Anna Barrow. The offer to take the little girl was accepted at once.

When Mr. Munday came home at dinner time, he found the meal all ready and awaiting his appearance. Mrs. Munday looked cheerful and animated. In a corner of the room sat a slender little girl, not very much larger than Aggy, with the sleeping baby in her arms. She lifted her eyes timidly to the face of Mr. Munday, who gave her a kind look.

"Poor, motherless child?" Such was his thought.

"I can't tell you how much assistance she is to me," whispered Mrs. Munday to her husband, leaning over to him as they sat at the table. "And the baby seems so fond of her."

Mr. Munday said nothing, but before his mind was distinctly pictured his own little girl, a servant in the home of a stranger. On his return from work in the evening everything wore a like improved appearance. Supper was ready, and Mrs. Munday had nothing of the worried look so apparent on the occasion of her first introduction to the reader. Everything wore an improved appearance, did we say? No, not everything. There was a change in the little orphan girl; and Mr. Munday saw, at a glance, that the change, so pleasant to contemplate, had been made at her expense. The tidy look, noticed at dinner time, was gone. Her clothes were soiled and tumbled; her hair had lost its even, glossy appearance, and her manner showed extreme weariness of body and

mind. She was holding the baby. None saw the tears that crept over her cheeks, as the family gathered around the tea-table, and forgetful of her enjoying their evening meal.

Supper over, Mrs. Munday took the baby and undressed it, while Anna sat down to eat her portion of food. Four times, ere this was accomplished, did Mrs. Munday send her up to her chamber for something wanted either for herself or the child.

"You must learn to eat quick, Anna," said Mrs. Munday, ere the little girl, in consequence of these interruptions, was half through her supper. Anna looked frightened and confused, pushed back her chair, and stood gazing inquiringly at the face of her mistress.

"Are you done?" the latter coldly asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was timidly answered.

"Very well. Now I want you to clear off the table. Gather up all the things and take them out in the kitchen. Then shake the table cloth, set the table back, and sweep up the room."

Mr. Munday looked at his wife, but said nothing.

"Shall I help Anna, mother?" inquired Aggy.

"No," was rather sharply answered. "Have you studied your lesson?"

"No, ma'am."

"Go about that, then; it will be as much as you can do before bed."

Mrs. Munday undressed her baby, with considerable more deliberation of manner than usual, observing all the while the proceedings of Anna, and every now and then giving her a word of instruction. She felt very comfortable, as she finally leaned back in her chair, with her little one asleep in her arms. By this time Anna was in the kitchen, where, according to instructions, she was washing up the tea things. While thus engaged, to the best of her small ability, a cup slipped from her hand and was broken on the floor. The sound startled Mrs. Munday from her agreeable state of mind and body.

"What's that?" she cried.

"A cup, ma'am," was the trembling answer.

"You're a careless little girl," said Mrs. Munday, rather severely. The baby was now taken up stairs and laid in bed. After this, Mrs. Munday went to the kitchen, to see how her little maid of all work was getting on with the supper dishes. Not altogether to her satisfaction, it must be owned.

"You will have to do these all over again," she said—not kindly and encouragingly, but

with something captious and authoritative in her manner. "Throw out that water from the dish-pan and get some more."

Anna obeyed, and Mrs. Munday seated herself by the kitchen table, to observe her movements, and correct them when wrong.

"Not that way"—"Here, let me show you"—"Stop! I said it must be done in this way." "Here—that is right." "Don't set the dishes down so hard; you'll break them—they're not made of iron."

These, and words of like tenor, were addressed to the child, who, anxious to do right, yet so confused as often to misapprehend what was said to her, managed at length to complete her task.

"Now sweep up the kitchen, and put things to rights. When you're done, come in to me," said Mrs. Munday, who now retired to the little sitting-room, where her husband was glancing over the daily paper, and Aggy engaged in studying her lesson. On entering, she remarked,

"It's more trouble to teach a girl like this, than to do it yourself."

Mr. Munday said nothing; but he had his own thoughts.

"Mother, I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed," said Fanny, younger by two or three years than Aggy.

"I don't want to go yet; and besides, I haven't got my lesson," said the older sister.

"Wait until Anna is done in the kitchen, and she will go up and stay with you. Anna!" Mrs. Munday called to her, "make haste! I want you to put Fanny to bed."

In a few minutes Anna appeared, and, as directed, went up stairs with Fanny.

"She looks tired. Hadn't you better tell her to go to bed also," suggested Mr. Munday.

"To bed!" ejaculated Mrs. Munday, in a voice of surprise, "I've got something for her to do besides going to bed."

Mr. Munday resumed the reading of his paper, and said no more. Fanny was soon asleep.

"Can't Anna go up with me now? I'm afraid to go alone," said Aggy, as the little girl came down from the chamber.

"Yes, I suppose so. But you must go to sleep quickly. I've got something for Anna to do."

Mr. Munday sighed, and moved himself uneasily in his chair. In half an hour Anna came down—Aggy was just asleep. As she made her appearance, the baby awoke and cried out.

"Run up and hush the baby to sleep before he gets wide awake," said Mrs. Munday.

The weary child went as directed. In a little while the low murmur of her voice was heard, as she attempted to quiet the babe by singing a nursery ditty. How often had her mother's voice soothed her to sleep with the self-same words and melody. The babe stopped crying; and soon all was silent in the chamber. Nearly half an hour passed, during which Mrs. Munday was occupied in sewing.

"I do believe that girl has fallen asleep," said she at length, letting her work drop in her lap, and assuming a listening attitude.

"Anna!" she called. But there was no answer.

"Anna!" The only returning sound was the echo of her own voice.

Mrs. Munday started up, and ascended to her chamber. Mr. Munday was by her side, as she entered the room. Sure enough; Anna had fallen asleep, leaning over on the bed where the infant lay.

"Poor motherless child!" said Mr. Munday, in a voice of tender compassion that reached the heart of his wife, and awakened there some womanly emotions.

"Poor thing! I suppose she is tired out," said the latter. "She'd better go to bed."

So she awakened her, and told her to go up into the garret, where a bed had been made for her on the floor. Thither the child proceeded, and there wept herself again to sleep. In her dream that night, she was with her mother, in her own pleasant home, and she was still dreaming of her mother and her home, when she was awakened by the sharp voice of Mrs. Munday, and told to get up quickly and come down, as it was broad daylight.

"You must kindle the fire and get the kettle on in a jiffy."

Such was the order she received on passing the door of Mrs. Munday's room.

We will not describe, particularly, the trials of this day for our poor little maid of all work. They were very severe, for Mrs. Munday was a hard mistress. She had taken Anna as help, though not with the purpose of overworking or oppressing her. But now that she had some one to lighten her burdens and "take steps for her," the temptation to consult her own ease was very great. Less wearied than in days past, because relieved of scores of little matters about the house, the aggregate of which had worn her down, she was lifted somewhat above an appreciative sympathy for the child, who, in thus relieving her, was herself heavily overtasked. Instead of merely holding the baby for Mrs. Munday, when it was awake and would

not lie in its cradle, and doing for her the "little odd turns," at first contemplated, so as to enable her the better to get through the work of the family, the former at once began to play the lady, and to require of Anna not only the performance of a great deal of household labor, but to wait on her in many instances where the service was almost superfluous.

When Mr Munday came home at supper time, he found his wife with a book in her hand. The table was set, the fire burning cheerfully, and the hearth swept up. The baby was asleep in its cradle, and as Mrs. Munday read, she now and then touched gently with her foot the rocker. This he observed through the window, without himself being seen. He then glanced into the kitchen. The kettle had been taken from the fire—the teapot was on the hearth, flanked on one side by a plate of toast, and on the other by a dish containing some meat left from dinner, which had been warmed over. These would have quickened his keen appetite, but for another vision. On her knees, in the middle of the room, was Anna, slowly, and evidently in a state of exhaustion, scrubbing the floor. Her face, which happened to be turned towards him, looked worn and pale, and he saw at a glance her red eyes, and the tears upon her cheeks. While he yet gazed upon her, she paused in her work, straightened her little form with a wearied effort, and clasping both hands across her forehead, lifted her wet eyes upwards. There was no motion of her wan lips, but Mr. Munday knew that her heart, in its young sorrow, was raised to heaven. At this moment, the kitchen door was opened, and Mr. Munday saw his wife enter.

"Eye-service!" said she, severely, as she saw the position of Anna. "I don't like this. Not half over the floor yet! Why, what have you been doing?"

The startled child bent quickly to her weary task, and scrubbed with a new energy imparted by fear. Mr. Munday turned, heart-sick, from the window, and entered their little sitting-room, as his wife came in from the kitchen. She met him with a pleasant smile, but he was grave and silent.

"Don't you feel well?" she inquired, with a look of concern.

"Not very well," he answered, evasively.

"Have you felt bad all day?"

"Yes. But I am heart-sick now."

"Heart-sick! What has happened, Abraham?"

Mrs. Munday looked slightly alarmed.

"One whom I thought full of human kindness has been oppressive, and even cruel."

"Abraham! What do you mean?"

"Perhaps my eyes deceived me!" he answered—"perhaps it was a dream. But I saw a sight just now to make the tears flow."

And as Mr. Munday spoke, he took his wife by the arm, and led her out through the back door.

"Look!" said he, "there is a poor motherless child, scarcely a year older than our Aggy!"

Anna had dropped her brush again, and her pale face and tearful eyes were once more uplifted. Was it only a delusion or fancy; or did Mrs. Munday really see the form of Mrs. Barrow, stooping over her suffering child, as if striving to clasp her in her shadowy arms?

For a few moments, the whole mind of Mrs. Munday was in a whirl of excitement. Then stepping back from the side of her husband, she glided through the open door, and was in the kitchen ere Anna had time to change her position. Frightened at being found idle again, the poor child caught eagerly at the brush which lay upon the floor. In doing so, she missed her grasp, and weak and trembling from exhaustion, fell forward, where she lay motionless. When Mrs. Munday endeavored to raise her up, she found her insensible.

"Poor—poor child!" said Mr. Munday, tenderly, his voice quivering with emotion, as he lifted her in his arms. He bore her up to the children's chamber, and laid her on their bed.

"Not here," said Mrs. Munday. "Up in her own room."

"She is one of God's children, and as precious in His sight as ours," almost sobbed the husband, yet with a rebuking sternness in his voice. "She shall lie here!"

Mrs. Munday was not naturally a cruel woman; but she loved her own selfishly; and the degree in which this is done, is the measure of disregard towards others. She forgot, in her desire for service, that her little servant was but a poor, motherless child, thrust out from the parent nest, with all the tender longings of a child for love, and all its weaknesses and want of experience. She failed to remember that, in the sight of God, all children are equally precious.

But the scales fell from her eyes. She was rebuked, humbled, and repentant.

"Anna must go back to her aunt," said Mr. Munday, after the child had recovered from her brief fainting fit, and calmness was once more restored to the excited household.

"She must remain," was the subdued, but firm answer. "I have dealt cruelly with her."

Let me have an opportunity to repair the wrong she has suffered. I will try to think of her as my own child. If I fail in that, the consciousness of her mother's presence will save me from my first error."

And Anna did remain—continuing to be Mrs. Munday's little maid-of-all-work. But her tasks, though varied, were light. She was never again overburdened, but treated with a judicious kindness that won her affections, and made her ever willing to render service to the utmost of her ability.

TO VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

BY E. C. S.

THE grass is sprinkled with yellow leaves,
A goldenly broidered vest,
Which the glowing hand of the autumn weaves,
To cover the summer's breast:
And the lonesome wind, like a mourner grieves,
Where the whispering shadows rest.

I list to the aspen's musical prayer,
I look where the sunbeams twine
Their light with the leaves that so brightly fair
Lie clear on October's shrine:
Yet gentle stranger no light is there,
No music so soft as thine.

I gather love from each glowing word,
And dew from each bloom of thought,
And tones of music that like a bird,
Thy spirit's harp hath wrought!
And my soul's deep waves are softly stirred
By dreams which thy name hath brought.

I nurse the love in my throbbing heart,
The dew in its timid flowers,
And the music dreams are shrined apart
To brighten my lonely hours:
And I give to thee the tears that start
In my young heart's shadowy bowers.

Sweet stranger-bird may I come to thee
With the tender name of friend—
And wilt thou receive it willingly
The tribute of love I send?
And chide me not for the strains will be,
Too humble to offend!

UNDERTAKINGS.

"Tis easier to undertake than to retract, especially in momentous affairs. Good, excellent is the advice of the poet Shenstone, "Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it."

A PICTURE.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

WITHIN a range of mountains tall,
'Neath lovely skies most deeply blue,
A landscape lies so glorious all,
You would believe it fashioned new.
And you would deem it was the gem
Most precious on earth's jeweled breast,
The diamond of her diadem,
More rich and rare than all the rest.

A lake translucent glistens near;
Afar in distance flows the sea,
The softest clouds, in ether clear,
Fling shadows o'er the flowery lea.
A cottage nestles here and there,
In vale, on hill, and pleasant lawn,
From which, come orisons of prayer,
At flush of gloaming, and of dawn.

A quiet peace reigns there supreme;
Each soul from Nature seems to win
A loveliness and charm serene,
That sweetly lets some angel in.
Old age, with its pale silver hair,
Its furrowed brow and tottering form,
Doth still the charm of childhood wear,
With virtue, love, and truth is warm.

This quiet scene, 'mid mount and grove,
So simple, yet so truly grand,
Was one wherein my childhood wove
Its visions of the fairy land,
Wherein I took, from earth and sky,
A rapture to my heart and brain,
A picture fair, and poetry,
And music's soft and sweet refrain.

Rare gems of Nature and of Art,
In balmy South, and glowing West,
Have charmed my eye, but ah, my heart
Turns to this fair home-scene for rest!
And sweeter, dearer, comes to be
This mountain-circled vale, as years
Flow back to swell Time's surging sea,
And smiles of life grow sad with tears.

As sat I by my evening fire
My eye on glowing radiance bent,
Sweet memory played upon her lye,
And radiant visions came and went,
But *this* one of that pleasant scene,
So fair and charming rose to view;
I caught it from my tangled dream,
All glittering with a golden sheen,
And here it is, dear one, for you.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity.—*Addison.*

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

ELLEN MAPLE'S FIRST LETTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Dear Cousin Lucy,—You see that I haven't forgot my promise to write, and tell you all about New Year's Eve at grandpa's.

It was almost dark when Uncle Edward and I left the cars, and we found Tim. (the hired man) waiting for us, in grandpa's old two-seat wagon. We were snugly stowed away in the buffalo-skins, and after a ride of two miles over the hard, frozen ground, with the long, bare fields stretching away on either side to the hills, we drove up in front of the house.

It is a large two-story building, with a deep lawn, and a piazza in front. Uncle Edward carried me in his arms right into the sitting-room, where the girl was just laying the cloth for supper. Grandpa sat on one side of the stove, he wore his great silver bowed spectacles, just as you remember he did that time he visited the city, when we were very little girls, and he was reading the newspaper.

Aunt Mary sat opposite him sewing, and Cousin Charlie was by the window, with a new pair of skates, which he was examining so intently that he only looked up a moment as I came in. He is a great rough boy of his age, which is only eleven, and not at all handsome, though very smart, and I made up my mind at once that I shouldn't like him at all.

Well, Grandpa and Aunt Mary kissed me very warmly, and he held me at arm's length and peered at me through his great spectacles and said, "She's more of a Maple than a Martin, isn't she, Mary?"

"Oh yes," answered Aunt Mary, "Ellen's father every inch of her." And then she turned suddenly to Charlie, saying, "Come and welcome your cousin, my dear."

He came forward, slow and awkward, blushing away up to the roots of his thick, bristling flaxen hair, and he said, away down in his throat, as he gave me his hand, "I'm very glad to see you, Cousin Ellen," but I knew that he wished all the time that I was at the other side of the world.

"Oh, come now, Charlie, that'll never do," spoke out Uncle Edward—and there was such a merry laugh in his eyes—"just put your arms round your cousin and give her a good hug, and a real warm smack. That's the right way to treat the girls when they come to see you."

Oh, Lucy Maple! if you could have seen that boy's face just that minute, it was the color of the peonies in our front yard, and I was so ashamed at being spoken to in that way before a boy, that I could have burst right out crying.

Charlie muttered something in his throat, and then turned and bolted straight out of the room. Uncle Edward leaned back in his chair and laughed until the tears fairly started in his eyes, and Aunt Mary said, "Now, father, you have done it—you were too bad to vex him like that."

"Nonsense, my dear," he answered, "It'll do him good; for he wanted the bashfulness taken out of him a little; but it was a capital joke to see the poor boy's confusion."

Charlie eat his supper in silence, and though I sat just opposite to him, I don't think he looked at me once during the whole meal, and after tea he went right off to the corner and a book, without taking the slightest notice of me.

And all the rest of us sat around the stove, and Aunt Mary asked me a host of questions about papa and mamma and you, and finally she glanced off to Charlie's corner, and said, "See here, Charlie, I feel just as if I should like some parched corn this evening."

"Well, mother, I'll get some for you," he said, closing his book, and marching off to the kitchen-door.

"Stop a minute," called out his mother; "I don't believe but what Ellen would like to help you shell the corn. Just take her along with you, and show her how."

He didn't answer one word, but he held open the door, and I followed him into the kitchen. It was a low, old-fashioned room, with an immense fireplace, for grandpa likes to sit here and look at the fire, just as he did when he was a boy of Charlie's age. There was no light in the room, but it was full of a beautiful crimson glow from the flames.

So Cousin Charlie brought in a basket filled with small ears of corn, and we had to sit down close together, because the tin pan was in my lap, and we went to shelling corn. For a long time we didn't speak to each other, but somehow—I forget just how it happened—we fell talking to each other.

And at last Charlie poured the kernels into an old iron spider, and set it on the bed of hot coals, and the corns one and another began to swell and burst out, in a way that reminded me for all the world of the white buds that used to break out snowy leaf by leaf into roses, under the sitting-room window, and I clapped my hands and laughed outright to watch the corns grow into white blossoms; and Cousin Charlie laughed, too, and afterward there was no more silence betwixt us.

That boy can talk, I tell you, Cousin Lucy, and somehow I forgot how homely he was, when he told me about his going nutting last fall, and what a glorious time the boys had skating on the pond

at Christmas; and when I said, I have never seen a chestnut tree in my life, or a pond either, he opened his great big blue eyes, and stared at me in pitying amazement.

And he answered, "Well, it is too bad to be a girl and have to live in the city—that's a fact. Did you ever go sledding, Cousin Ellen?"

"Never in the world."

"Well, you shall to-morrow, on Beacon hill, and if you don't like it, I'll pull you over to the tree where I found my gray squirrel, last spring."

But this is such a long story that I can't tell you about it now, Cousin Lucy; and then we chatted as fast as we could, about the city and the country, until at last Aunt Mary came into the room and said, with her pleasant smile, "Well, how about my parched corns? You and Ellen seem to be so busy you've forgotten all about me!"

Charlie pointed to a dishful, and we had been eating all the time we talked.

"Well, I must leave them now. Do you suspect it's time for prayers, my son?"

"O—h, mother!"

She pointed to the great old-fashioned clock in the corner, and, sure enough—it was nine! I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Time goes fast when we have pleasant company, doesn't it?" said Aunt Mary, and then we followed her into the sitting-room.

Somehow that prayer of grandpa's made me feel good, Cousin Lucy.

He prayed that the sojourn of the little girl under the roof which sheltered her mother's youth, might be a happy and a blessed one, and that all the present and the absent might at last be gathered under that blessed *home-roof*, where the year never fell, as this one had, into coldness and decay and death. Then Aunt Mary took me up to my room, the strangest, cosiest chamber, with high bed-posts, and great white curtains hung all around it, and the feather-bed was built up so high I could not clamber into it.

But I fell asleep very soon, and dreamt that Cousin Charlie and I were sledding down hill, and hunting squirrels, through the whole night.

So this, Cousin Lucy, was my New Year's Eve at Grandpa's—a very happy one—and I have only time to wish that same evening filled your stocking with gifts, and your heart with gladness, and to tell you that I am still

Your loving cousin.

ELLEN MAPLE.

MAGGIE AND HER PETS.

THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

ONE day, about a month after Maggie had given her little kitten to Tommy, she came into the kitchen, and, after she had kissed her mamma, she sat down on a little stool, and leaned her curly little head on

her hand very thoughtfully. Her mamma was busy, but she soon saw how quiet Maggie was, and said to her, after awhile,

"Maggie, dear, don't you want your kitten back again," for she wanted to hear what her little girl would say.

"No, mamma; I am very glad Tommy has got my little Fanny, but I can't help missing her sometimes—that is not wrong, is it, mamma?"

"No, dear, that is not wrong, but now go and get the little basket that is on the table in the next room, and see what is in it."

Maggie started up in an instant, and soon had the basket, and what do you think she found in it?—One of the prettiest little chickens she had ever seen. It lay on a bunch of white wool, and it was no larger than a bird, and covered with a soft, silky yellow down. Its little eyes were as round and bright as black beads, and, as soon as it saw Maggie, it jumped up and said, "Chip—chip—chip," and looked at her so cunningly.

"Oh! mamma, whose is it? and where did it come from?" cried Maggie. "Oh! mamma, what a dear little thing it is—is it mine?"

"It is yours, dear, and your Aunt Lizzie sent it to you, and you must take good care of it, for I am going to let you have it to feed, and take care of, till it gets big enough to run with the other chickens."

Now Maggie was such a kind-hearted, careful little girl, her mother was not afraid to trust her with the little chicken. She was so tender-hearted, that she would even mourn over the dead flies she would sometimes find in the windows. Maggie was so glad, when she found that the chicken was really hers, that at first she scarcely knew what to do with herself, but she soon thought it must be hungry, so she asked her mamma to please give her a little corn-meal in a cup, and then she put a little water in, and mixed it all together in a soft dough, which she gave to her chicken. She put her chicken on the table, and scattered bits of dough before it, and it ran all about and ate so cunningly, that it made Maggie laugh merrily. She had seen the little chickens running about with the old hens many a time, but they did not seem half so pretty to her as this one of her own, that she could do what she pleased with. The old hens would run at her with their feathers all up, if she tried to catch one of their little ones, but this chicken she could nurse or feed as much as she wished. It was a very cunning little thing, and in a few days it got so it would run all about after Maggie, and it would eat out of her hand, and lie and sleep in her lap, and Maggie loved it as dearly as she had loved her kitten.

It was in April when Maggie got her chicken, and the leaves were getting green on the trees, and the soft grass was springing up in the fields. Soon the beautiful May came with her fair head crowned with flowers. There were blue violets in the meadow, and wild honeysuckles in the wood, and Maggie never grew weary of looking at them, and weaving

them into garlands. How she loved to roam the green fields, and gather the yellow buttercups, the neat little Quaker-lady, or the pretty blue liver-leaf, and nearly everywhere she went her chicken went too; when it got tired of running, or when she thought it was tired, she would pick it up, and carry it. She even took it one day to Tommy Benson's, to show it to Fanny; but, when the kitten smelt it, and struck it with her little paw to find out what it was, Maggie was frightened, and made haste to pick it up again, for fear Fanny might hurt it, but Tommy Benson laughed merrily about it; he thought it was so funny to see Fanny strike it with her paw, and smell it. Tommy was almost well, only he was still a little lame, but the Doctor thought he would outgrow the lameness.

Maggie's chicken has got pretty black and yellow feathers on it now, and runs all about with the other chickens. It is more than a year old, and this Spring it hatched out a nice brood of chickens, and it is very proud of them, and so is Maggie. Her mother says they are all hers, and Maggie says she is going to sell them when they get big enough to eat, and she is going to give the money to Widow Benson, to buy Tommy some good warm winter clothes. Is she not a dear, good, little girl? I will repeat to you a nice song, that she sings about her chickens sometimes. Her mother learned it when she was a little girl, and now she has taught it to Maggie.

"Mamma, my little chicken see,
It wants a crumb to pick;
Just see how fast it runs to me,
I'll call it, 'chick, chick, chick.'"

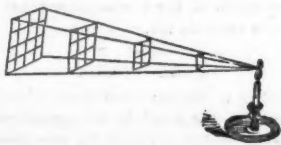
"It's got a bit—the others come,
They all want to divide,
But off it scampers with its crumb,
Behind the tree to hide."

"Stop, naughty chicken, do not take
The whole—that is not fair;
When mamma gives me a piece of cake,
I let my sister share."

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER: OR OPTICAL AMUSEMENTS.

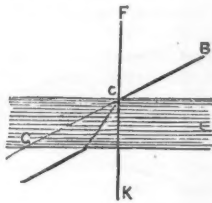
LIGHT AS AN EFFECT.

LIGHT follows the same laws as gravity, and its intensity or degree decreases as the square of the distance from the luminous body increases. Thus, at the distance of two yards from a candle we shall have four times less light than we should have were we only one yard from it, and so on in the same proportion.



REFRACTION.

Bodies which suffer the rays of light to pass through them, such as water or glass, are called refracting media. When rays of light enter these, they do not proceed in straight lines, but are said



to be refracted, or bent out of their course, as seen in the drawing. The ray of light proceeding from *n* through the glass *l c* is bent from the point *c*, instead of passing in the direction of the dotted line. But if the ray *r c* falls perpendicularly on the glass, there is no refraction, and it proceeds in a direct line to *k*; hence refraction only takes place when rays fall obliquely or aslant on the media.

TRANSPARENT BODIES.

Transparent bodies, such as glass, may be made of such form as to cause all the rays which pass through them from any given point to meet in



any other given point beyond them, or which will disperse them from the given point. These are called lenses, and have different names according to their form. 1. Is called the plano-convex lens. 2. Plano-concave. 3. Double convex. 4. Double concave. 5. A meniscus, so called from its resembling the crescent moon.

TO SHOW THAT RAYS OF LIGHT DO NOT OBSTRUCT EACH OTHER.

Make a small hole in a sheet of pasteboard, *A*, and placing it upright before three candles, *B*, placed closely together, it will be found that the images of all the candle flames will be formed separately on a piece of paper, *C*, laid on the table to receive them. This proves that the rays of light do

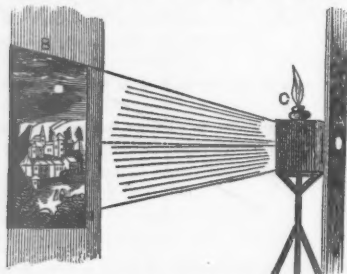


not obstruct each other in their progress, although all cross in passing through the hole.

THE COSMORAMA.

The principle upon which the cosmorama is formed is so simple that any person may easily fit

up one in a small summer-house, &c. Nothing more is necessary than to fix in a hole a double convex lens of about three feet focus, A, and at rather less than this distance a picture, B, is to be



hung. To absorb all the rays of light but those necessary for seeing the picture, a squared frame of wood, blackened on the inside, is placed between the lens and the picture. The picture may be hung in a large box, having a light coming in upon it from above, or in a small closet, illuminated in the same manner. Should it be wished to show the picture by candle-light, a lamp, C, may be placed on the top of the wooden frame, and if the light of this be converged by a lens to a moderate radius, it will be more effective.

NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead-purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love;" but *what* she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." I need not, however, tell you *all* that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article *complete*; and mute as they were, these half-finished forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by, to see what men and women and little children *have done*.

Health Department.

[We take from Hall's Journal of Health, some timely and excellent suggestions, which the wise will read to their own profit.]

WEARING RUBBER SHOES.

THE tendency of India-rubber shoes is to make the feet cold, and in such proportion endanger health; hence, they are useful only in walking, when the ground is muddy or sloshy with melting snow—in these cases they are invaluable, and there is no equal substitute. Two rules should be observed whenever it is possible: when rubbers are on the feet, persons should keep moving, and remove them on entering the house, if it is intended to remain over a few minutes. If the rubbers have been on the feet several hours, both shoes and stockings are necessarily damp by the condensation and confinement of the perspiration, therefore all should be removed, and the naked foot held to the fire until warm and dry in every part; if then a pair of dry stockings are put on, and a pair of warmed and loose slippers or shoes, there will be a feeling of comfort for the remainder of the day, which will more than compensate for the trouble taken, to say

nothing of the ailments averted. But it must not be forgotten, that as India-rubber shoes are impervious to water from without, and ought not to be worn except in muddy weather, and only then while the wearer is in motion, so leather shoes, rendered impervious to water, by blacking or by any other means, should be used like India-rubbers, temporarily, and when walking in mud or slosh. For common purposes the old-fashioned leather boots and shoes are best, if kept well blacked, with several renewals of dry socks during the day, if the feet perspire profusely. As cold and damp feet are the avenues of death to multitudes every year, a systematic attention to the above suggestions would save many a valuable life.

COLDS CURED.

It would be to the saving of human health and happiness, and life itself, if the periodical press would never publish a recipe for any human ail-

ment, which involved the taking of anything into the stomach.

Some scrap-editor characterizes it as an excellent remedy for a cough caused by a common cold, to soak an unbroken egg for forty-eight hours in half a pint of vinegar, then add as much honey, break up all together, and take a teaspoonful for a dose several times a day.

If the writer of that recipe had possessed the smallest amount of common observation, he would have known that if a man begins to cough, as the result of a common cold, it is the result of nature herself attempting the cure, and she will effect it in her own time, and more effectually than any man can do, if she is only let alone, and her instincts cherished. What are those instincts? She abhors food, and craves warmth. Hence, the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken a cold, let him do three things: 1st, eat not an atom; 2d, go to bed and cover up warm in a warm room; 3d, drink as much cold water as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four, he will be almost entirely well within thirty-six hours.

If he does nothing for his cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow that will, by any possibility, do him any good, for the cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime, in the way of physic, is a hindrance and not a good.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never begins to get well until the fever begins to subside; but every mouthful swallowed is that much more fuel to feed the fever, and, but for the fact that as soon as the cold is fairly seated, nature, in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed by very serious results, and in frail people, would be almost always fatal.

These things being so, the very fact of waiting forty-eight hours, gives time for the cold to fix itself in the system, for a cold does not usually cause cough until a day or two has passed, and then to wait two days longer, gives it its fullest chance to do its work before anything at all is done.

THE FEET IN WINTER TIME.

No person can be well long, whose feet are habitually cold; while securing for them dryness and warmth, is the certain means of removing a variety of annoying ailments.

The feet of some are kept more comfortable in winter, if cotton is worn, while woolen suits others better. The wise course, therefore, is for each one to observe for himself, and act accordingly.

Scrupulous cleanliness is essential to the healthful warmth of the feet; hence all, especially those who walk a great deal out of doors during the day in cold weather, should make it a point to dip both feet in cold water on rising every morning, and let

them remain half ankle deep, for half a minute at a time, then rub and wipe dry, dress and move about briskly to warm them up. To such as cannot well adopt this course from any cause, the next best plan is to wash them in warm water every night just before going to bed, taking the precaution to dry them by the fire most thoroughly before retiring; this, besides keeping the feet clean, preserves a natural softness to the skin, and has a tendency to prevent and cure corns. Many a troublesome throat affection, and many an annoying headache will be cured if the feet are kept always clean, warm, soft and dry.

The moment the feet are observed to be cold, the person should hold them to the fire, with the stockings off, until they feel comfortably warm.

MORALS OF SICKNESS.

THERE are certain forms of disease which, while they waste the body, depress the mind, and stupefy the moral sentiment; hence, the wise physician often feels compelled to address his remedies to the mind, to bring the religious element into requisition, in strong appeals to a sense of duty. Sometimes there is not left energy enough for an effort at restoration. This is often the case with clergymen, literary men, and professors in colleges. One of these is like a man just entering the current above the falls of Niagara; he is sensible of his danger, feels that in a short time all effort will be unavailing, yet he has not the moral energy requisite to make use of the means necessary for his deliverance. This condition is in nearly all cases the result of *dyspepsia*, that is, it is the result of a want of thorough digestion of the food, a defect which is brought on by injudicious eating. Persons who use opium, tobacco, liquors, or strong coffee and tea, eventually fall into this same state. No Christian man will have any difficulty in saying that the use of liquors should be given up as a duty, under such circumstances. But let the physician of acknowledged science and ability press upon that same man the duty of abandoning the use of tobacco, or of adopting a plainer mode of feeding, he will find his appeals powerless. Can a man be guiltless who condemns his neighbor for drinking errors, but does not condemn himself for errors in eating? In other cases, where comparatively little is needed beyond a pill or two a month for a short time, except judicious exercise, the prescription is met with, "Well, I cannot spare the time, my professional duties are such that I have not the leisure." But suppose you die, what then? You cannot lose now an hour a day, then ALL time is lost!

Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influences of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

EXPLANATION OF THE PICTURE PLATE—LADY ON THE LEFT.

Manteau Catharine de Médicis of black velvet, cut in the full sack form, drooping to a point on the back and at front. Pagoda sleeves, very ample and flowing. The sleeves and front edges trimmed with rich *passementerie*, which extends around the neck and to an ornament five inches deep on the top of the back. Some of our New York belles edge the bottom with rich *passementerie* and leave the front plain, closing it with *bradenbourgs* and buttons. All cloaks and mantillas being more or less richly trimmed with *passementerie*, and velvet cut figures, leaves the distinctive type of the mode in the cut. The favorite shapes are those of the sack *genre* and the *humous*.

Robe, of Alps violet *taffetas*, pointed body and high, closed with holes and buttons. Skirt plain and sleeves *à pagode* with one puff at the top. Sleeves of muslin, embroidered to harmonize with the collar, and the wristband is closed, with a button and hole.

Hat, of white satin, recovered with a black *treillage* and ornamented with tufts of *violettes*; strings white; gloves, straw-colored kid; lace boots of *satén français*.

SECOND TOILET.—*Manteau-écharpe*, embroidered nearly to the flounce. The back of the mantle forms a *mantelet*, with a deep flounce recovered with a deep fall of guipure. The front is formed into two pointed or square lappets, to suit the taste of the wearer, ending them with the same fall of guipure which trims the back, but narrowing to a point at the bottom of the lappets.

Robe, of gray *taffetas*, high at the neck and pointed at the waist, much like the other dress on the plate.

Bonnet, of crape, trimmed with velvet, and ornamented with tufts of red flowers, like the tint of the lower curtain. A long black lace veil is worn with this bonnet.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

OVER-GARMENTS.—One of the most popular over-garments designed for this winter, by the famous *Maison Gagelin*, is the *Boyard* of velvet cloth, some light color being preferred, to harmonize with the *Astrakan* fur, with which the edges are trimmed. It is cut like a large sack, reaching half way from the knee to the ground, with horizontal pockets at the sides, without flaps. The cut is double-breasted, and there are four buttons and holes up each front;

the buttons are of wood or bone, to match in color, and of the dead-eye make. The *Boyard* is useful on promenades, and, when lined, comfortable for traveling.

The *Marie Thérèse* is a vestment of black velvet and lace—very fashionable—in the shawl shape, fitting at the shoulders, and covered from thence to the bottom with series of flounces and *passementerie* alternating. It is lined with silk. Jet trimmings mix in with the *passementerie*. This is a full dress carriage mantilla.

The *Palestrine* is either of velvet or castor cloth, fitting at the shoulders, over which is a mock hood, and all trimmed with black lace and *passementerie*. The mantle is formed by a circular back, extending to the front of the arms, and protecting them, leaving a hole or slash between them and the lap-pet fronts, which extend back to the arms under the circular back.

All over-garments are very long, fitting over the shoulders to a point at the waist, front and back, *à la fichue*, from beneath which the rest of the fall of the cloak is fulled or gathered on, except on the back, where it is attached in three box-plaits. All cloaks are shorter at the sides than they are before and behind; and they are all cut very full from the shoulder-piece and hood to the bottom. Some of them are cut with large flowing wings, and some with jockey, and some with pagoda sleeves. The *Burnous* is cut either with wings or sleeves, or with a fold, as room for the arms. Castor, *c'telé*, and velvet, are the favorite materials for ladies' over-garments.

BONNETS.—With the increased size of all outdoor bonnets, there is a corresponding diminishing in the size of *capotes* for wear at the opera. The opera *capote* is made of white, pink, or emerald green crape, velvet *épinglé*, or silk,—shaped to fit the head, with a front precisely square across from the back of each ear, the only trimming being about two yards of white lace, caught under the border, and edge of the curtain, and thrown back over the whole *capote* in a sort of misty halo—a very favorable capping of full costume, which does not detract but rather brightens the intellectuality of the wearer. The hair is then either worn in flat *bandeaux*, or it is crimped at the sides, and worn *boaffante*, if the style of features require it. The *brides* or bonnet-strings are usually white, or otherwise, they harmonize with the trimmings. The wild poppy or rose-bud is sometimes employed on the *capote*, placed on the border near the edge, and the veil thrown over them. We have seen some with the white veil caught up at each side, by the ears, with jeweled *agraffes* and brooches; but this

gives the appearance of involved complexity, and is not so pretty as is the more simple manner of wearing the veil. Of street bonnets, the *Marie Stuart* shape still maintains. The black taffetas bonnet, with a *chou* edging the border and the curtain, and with floral ornaments, ribbons, and strings, of velvet. The shape is new, approaching the cottage, and manifestly an effort to change the shape from the *Marie Stuart*. It is the latest importation from Paris, where it has a very respectable paternity.

ROBES.—For full toilet, the brocades enlivened with small figures embroidered in gold, silver, or silk, distributed a few inches apart throughout, is the cream of the cream. The very low *décolleté* cut is giving place to half-length flowing sleeves, and not exposing the arms entirely, which—though ever so long the fashion—were only appropriate for *demoiselles* and ladies under a certain age. Skirt ornaments are confined to ruffles, embroidery, flounces, and *passementerie*, in rows round the

skirt, from one to two-thirds up the skirt from the bottom; and the sleeves, of pagoda cut, are trimmed to harmonize with the trimming of the skirt. Pointed bodies have superseded *basques*, and high bodies are preferred for all occasions but the ball-room or private dancing sociables. Neither are bonnets or dresses so elaborately trimmed as they were last year.

The favorite perfumes are the *violettes d'Italie* and *des brises de mai*. Of cosmetics, the *baume de violette* and the *savon de thridace* are preferred for the bath. Furniture for the drawing-room and boudoir is again upholstered with pictorial designs in natural colors, on oval or medallion chair-backs, or three oval pictures on a sofa. The favorite colors of the goods are pink, sky-blue, and white, of reps, brocatelle, or velvet; if of the latter, the pictures are woven with the goods; but if of the former, they are embroidered in silk; though on brocatelle, the ornaments are frequently woven.

New Publications.

WILD SCENES ON THE FRONTIERS; OR, HEROES OF THE WEST. By Emerson Bennett. Philadelphia: *Hamlin & Co.*

Mr. Bennett is at home in the description of Indian and Frontier life. In the sketches that make up this volume; the pictures are drawn with a vigor and fidelity that make them pass before the eyes like a moving panorama. The author is so well known to the public, that his book will be in demand. It is got up in very tasteful style; and the illustrations are particularly fine.

HISTORY OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. Embracing Biographies of the Immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with Historical Sketches of the Sacred Relics preserved in that Sanctuary of American Freedom. By D. W. Belisle. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son.*

We give the whole of the comprehensive title of this book, which is dedicated to the Hon. Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the United States. The work of preparing such a volume, may be considered more a labor of love than profit; but, we should think, that the demand for it would be so large, as to return golden recompense to all engaged in its production and publication. It is handsomely printed, and contains several illustrations.

THE SEA OF ICE; OR THE ARCTIC ADVENTURES. By Percy St. John. Boston: *Mayhew & Baker.*

Here is another fascinating book for boys, written in the Robinson Crusoe vein, and embracing the phenomena of the far north, which is correctly described in accordance with the latest authorities. The scenes presented are those visited by Parry and Franklin.

THE OLD STONE MANSION. By Chas. J. Peterson, Author of "Cruising in the Last War," "Kate Aylesford," &c., &c. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

Mr. Peterson is a writer of rare powers and versatility. He gives us a fine novel, or a work embracing the facts of history, each in its turn as well defined and vigorous, as if it was in the author's special department of literature. In the present volume, we have a story of real life, drawn with truth to nature, abounding in scenes of absorbing interest, and showing fine constructive power.

POEMS. By Henry Harbaugh, author of "The Sainted Dead," "Heavenly Recognition," &c. Philadelphia: *Lindsay & Blackiston.*

The author of these poems writes in a vein of chastened religious feeling. Taste, skill in composition, and a fine poetic fancy are seen throughout the volume.

A BUDGET OF HUMOROUS POETRY. Comprising specimens of the best and most humorous productions of the popular American and Foreign poetical writers of the day. By the author of the "Book of Anecdotes and Budget of Fun." Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans.*

The rule laid down by the compiler of this book was, as stated in the preface, "that each piece in the volume should be really funny—something that would, inevitably, raise a good hearty laugh. To this one consideration, everything else has been sacrificed." Among the selections, are some of the best pieces of humorous poetry in the language. In all cases, the name of the author, when known, is given.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By Mrs. Ellett, author of the "Women of the American Revolution." New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Mrs. Ellett gives us a volume that will find among people of taste, a large circle of readers. She has followed, in many of the sketches, a recent compilation by Professor Guhl, a German writer, while the materials for others have been taken from English and American sources. In this manner she has arranged in chronological order, and connected each with a sketch, the names of the women who have acquired celebrity in any of the fine Arts, from the days of the ancient Greeks to the year 1859. In most instances the facts are of necessity very few, but the closing chapters are much more full. The last of all is mainly devoted to a very sprightly sketch of our countrywoman, Miss Hosmer, now at Rome, who has won an honorable fame as a sculptress.

A GOOD FIGHT, AND OTHER TALES. By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," &c., with illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This latest story, by a favorite author, has already received a wide circulation through leading periodicals and newspapers, and we now have it in the permanent form of a handsomely illustrated volume.

GOLD-FOIL HAMMERED FROM POPULAR PROVERBS. By Timothy Titcomb. Fifth Edition. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

The previous volumes of Timothy Titcomb have made him deservedly a favorite. His manly common sense, independence of thought, and frequent eloquence of style, won for him a place in the public heart which he will long hold. Gold-Foil is not quite so easy in manner as were his "Letters;" but it abounds in well condensed moral lessons, beautifully presented, and runs clear with a philosophy that looks to man's higher and truer life.

SERMONS PREACHED AND REVISED BY REV. C. H. STURGEON. Sixth Series. New York: *Sheldon & Lampert*.

Another volume of sermons, by the enthusiastic English preacher.

MISS LESLIE'S BEHAVIOR BOOK. A Guide and Manual for Ladies, as regards their conversation, manners, dress, &c., &c. With full instructions and advice in Letter Writing, Receiving Presents, Borrowing, Decorum, Parties, and Suggestions in Bad Practices and Habits easily contracted, which no young lady should be guilty of, &c., &c. By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

A book teeming with excellent suggestions on the proprieties of life; and well worthy to be read and pondered.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With an Introduction, by Bayard Taylor. New York: *Rudd & Carleton*.

This well-condensed account of the life, travels, and great literary labors of one of the most remarkable men of the age, should be in the hands

of every young man. The example cannot fail to awaken the mind's latent energies, and stir it with noble purposes. Few men have accomplished so much; and few men have retained to the last, so clear and bright an intellect. The introduction by Bayard Taylor, presents a beautiful picture of the old man, as he saw him not long before he rested from his labors.

THE MERRY KING, AND OTHER POEMS. By Jno. G. Saxe. Boston: *Ticknor & Field*.

Saxe is a master in graceful humorous poetry, and in this volume, we have many of his rarest productions. True humor is not coarse; nor does it make light of sacred things, or send its shafts of wit to wound the weak or unfortunate. If it points an arrow, it is at folly and wickedness; and here it often does the cause of virtue essential service.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the Last Century.

By W. M. Thackeray. N. York: *Harper & Brothers*.

FISHER'S RIVER, (North Carolina,) SCENES AND CHARACTERS. By "Skitt," "Who was Raised Thar." Illustrated by John McLennan. N. York: *Harper & Brothers*.

DICK AND HIS FRIEND FIDUS. By Caroline M. Trowbridge. Philadelphia: *Wm. S. & Alfred Martien*.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER. A Hand-Book for Overland Expeditions. By Randolph B. Marey, Captain U. S. Army. Published by authority of the War Department. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

BOOK OF PLAYS, FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. Being a collection of Original, Altered, and Selected Tragedies, Plays, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, Burlesques, Charades, etc., carefully arranged, and specially adapted for Private Representation. With full directions for Performance. By Silas S. Steele, Dramatist. Philadelphia: *Geo. G. Evans*.

SELF EDUCATION; or, the Means and Art of Moral Progress. Translated from the French of M. Le Baron Degerando. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: *T. O. H. P. Burnham*.

FOUR YEARS ABOARD THE WHALESHIP. Embracing Cruises in the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian and Antarctic Oceans, in the years 1855, '6, '7, '8 and '9. By W. B. Whitacar, Jr. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

LESSONS FROM JESUS; or, the Teachings of Divine Love. By W. P. Balfern. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

EMILIE, THE PEACEMAKER. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart, author of "Truth in Everything," &c. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

LIFE OF THOMAS A'BECKET. By Henry Hart Milman, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

Mother's Department.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

THE corset for childhood must be easy, elastic, and so constructed as to support the other clothing. It must have no bones in front; the shoulderstraps must be wide, elastic, and so constructed as to press upon the points of the shoulders, fastening at the same time far down in the back, and in this way drawing back the shoulders and giving prominence to the chest. The under-clothing must be fastened on to the corsets by buttons, and never be tied up with strings, which cut and compress the body. If the whole of those conditions are not complied with, you had better put the corsets in the fire than round your child's body.

If any one desires to know the reason for this, it is to be found in the structure and functions of the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, and the absolute necessity there is for giving freedom to the chest and abdomen. It is a thing never to be forgotten by those who devote themselves to the education of children, that all the forces by which they reach maturity are internal, and are always rushing towards the external world for nutrition. Hunger, thirst, and respiration are incessantly laying hold of the material to supply the stomach market with goods; whilst the senses are always appropriating the ideal aspects of nature and transmitting them to the understanding, which may be denominated the spiritual stomach. The eyes see, and the ears hear, by virtue of the capacity which is inherent in them. No mortal can impart that capacity; what he can do is to direct, nurture, and develop it. But the child in an ill contrived corset will be like a bird moped in a cage—wanting in vigor, life, and activity, and consequently power.

Next to the corset and under-clothing, the frock claims our attention. Two things are to be noticed in this; first, that it should fit well over the shoulder; and, secondly, that the material should not be thick and heavy enough for a grandmother, and have an additional load of flounces. It is not uncommon to see a child with a frock so low in the neck that it falls over the shoulder, and rests upon the arms just below. We defy any doctor to give a better prescription for producing a contracted chest and round shoulders than this, and yet—with the dear little creature shuffling and rising the shoulders towards the ears—this practice, either from stupidity or fashion, is persisted in. The poking of the head, the bending of the body, and the protrusion of the scapula may, in the majority of cases, be attributed to this abominable practice.

Precisely in accordance with this dress is the

gait and habit that is imposed with it. Children, when free in their dress and motions, like to run, skip and jump along the streets and lanes like other young animals; but this would be vulgar in Miss Patent-leather, and hence she is expected to walk through the streets with her hands on her waist, and her head and shoulders bent, as soberly as a maiden aunt of forty, who has turned serious since her last disappointment. Few things are more serious than a deformity of the spine. This complaint may, we know, arise from various causes; but the reason why we meet with it so much more frequently in women than in men is, that their dress and habits are such as to make us wonder that the malady is not more general amongst them. A dress such as we have been describing possesses every qualification for insuring a curvature of the spine. During much of the time that they are in school, and more especially whilst drawing and writing, children must bend the shoulders in order to perform their work; but when they rise out of that position they should be perfectly free, for to tie their arms down by an ill contrived frock is to keep them bent—is to cause a permanent deformity. We wish to impress it upon the teacher that, in this matter, it is not simply the form and beauty of the child that are interfered with, health and even life itself are at stake; and, as you value its future happiness, do not subject it to treatment so inimical to its proper growth.

The only remaining observation that our space allows us to make is, that the weight of the clothing should be properly distributed over every part of the body. The clothing of a child should be light; but even a weight of a few ounces may be quite enough to cause a yielding, if the pressure be permanent upon some particular part; besides, it has a tendency to induce a shuffling and uneasy habit.

It requires an artist to dress a child well, so far as beauty is concerned, because it needs an appreciation of form, color, temperament, and a number of other niceties, to adapt the dress to the wearer; but ease, comfort, utility, are within the reach of all who are not either too vain or too stupid to approve of them. The child must always be upright, free, and able to move its limbs in any direction; and if the clothing will not permit this, cut it to pieces, or give it away; but pray do not punish your child by compelling it to wear a badly fitting garment. For bear in mind that, to those little innocents who are entrusted to your care, health is the fabric, and education only the ornament which is to adorn it.

Hints for Housekeepers.

CONSOMME, OR FRENCH WHITE BROTH.—Cut lean veal and ham into small slices, put them into a stew-pan, with a piece of butter, an onion, a few blades of mace, and a bit of thyme. Cook the whole over a very slow fire, and thicken with flour. Add an equal quantity of good veal broth, and cream. Let it boil for an hour, stirring all the time, and then strain and serve.

GINGER BUNS.—Stir three quarters of a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar to a cream; add half a nutmeg, grated, one tea-spoonful of caraway seeds, and a table-spoonful of ginger. Stir all well together. Add two eggs, beaten light. Then stir in gradually one pound of flour. Moisten with milk, until it can be easily worked. Knead well. Bake in small tins in a quick oven. This is an excellent family cake, as it keeps fresh and good for several days.

TO DETECT BUTTER ADULTERATED WITH LARD.—Throw a small piece of the suspected butter into a clear fire, and if it burns with a crackling noise it is adulterated.

BLANCHMANGE OF RICE FLOUR.—Let three pints of milk boil; when boiling, add half a pound of rice flour, mixed with cold milk to a thin paste. Put in half a pound of loaf sugar, a little lemon peel, and cinnamon. Let it boil ten minutes, stirring all the time. Take it off, strain, and pour it into moulds. When cold, turn it out. Eat with sugar and cream.

TO RESTORE DECAYED IVORY.—A few years since, Mr. Layard sent to England from the ruins of Nineveh some splendid ivory carvings, which, on being unpacked, were found crumbling to pieces very rapidly. This decay, Professor Owen suggested was owing to the loss of albumen in the ivory; and upon his recommendation, the articles were boiled in a solution of albumen, when the ivory became as firm and solid as when first entombed.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM CRIMSON DAMASK WITHOUT CHANGING THE COLOR.—Upon a deal table lay a piece of woolen cloth or baize, upon which lay smoothly the part stained, with the right side downward. Having spread a piece of brown paper on the top, apply a flat iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. About six or eight seconds is usually long enough for the purpose; after which, rub the stained part with a piece of cap paper, very briskly, and the marks will be found to have gone away.

RECEIPTS FOR PASTILLES.—There are various modes of making pastilles. The following are approved recipes:

1. Take of powdered gum benzoin, 16 parts; balsam of tolu, and powdered sandal wood, of each 4 parts; linden charcoal, 48 parts; powdered tragacanth, and true labdanum, of each 1 part; powdered saltpetre, and gum arabic, of each 2 parts; cinnamon water, 12 parts. Beat into the consistence of thick paste, and having made into shape, dry in the air.

2. Gum benzoin, olibanum, storax, of each 12 ozs.; saltpetre, 9 ozs.; charcoal, 4 lbs. powder of pale roses, 1 lb.; essence of roses, 1 oz. Mix with 2 ozs. of gum tragacanth, dissolved in a quart of rose-water.

3. The same formula may be varied, by the substitution of pure orange powder for the roses, an oil of neroli for the essence of roses.

4. By adding a few grains of camphor to the first recipe, a pastille suited to an invalid's chamber is prepared. If the scent of the above seems too powerful, the proportions of saltpetre and charcoal may be increased. Never use musk or civet in pastilles.

MEAT PIE.—As many potatoes washed and sliced as will fill a pie-dish, a little salt and pepper, a sprinkling of finely chopped onions, a tea-cupful of cream (or good milk), a bit of butter the size of a walnut, cover with a meat pie crust, and bake till the potatoes are thoroughly done. If crust is not approved, it is good without.

YULE CAKE.—Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, and put in the sugar. Stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and powdered cinnamon. In a quarter of an hour, take the yolks of the eggs, and work them two or three at a time; and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow, quite ready to work in. As the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the whites gradually, then add the orange peel, lemon and citron, cut in fine strips, and the currants, which must be mixed in well with the sweet almonds; then add the sifted flour, and a glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop, in a hot oven, for three hours, and put sheets of paper under it to keep it from burning.

Editor's Department.

A SHORT ROAD.

"Come, cheer up daughter!
It's a short road home now."

We heard the words, and saw the speaker, as we stood at the gate of the old farm-house, to whose serene stillness and shadowy seclusion we had gone for healing of mind and body.

It was just falling into the quiet of an autumn evening, and the day had been one of the year's farewell smiles. Through the opal air we saw the blue hills, the far off cathedrals of our worship, and betwixt them and us, lay meadow, and pasture lot, and corn-field; with brown insertings of streams, and green embroideries of woodland.

We knew she was his daughter—the little girl who sat in the farm wagon, on the right hand of her father; and he was a bluff, broad-chested, sun-browned man, but his loud tones had something that was like a mother's in them, as he put his strong arm around the small, tired, drooping figure, which sat, in its straw bonnet, and pink ribbon, and calico dress, on his right hand.

And as the lumbering old vehicle rolled away into the dust of the road, we thought of that other Road going up from the table-lands of time to the Mountains of Eternity, and that this also was a "short one."

Short, even though it stretches up through the pain, and weariness, and burden of seventy years—short, though it lies amid the storms and the snows with which the kindest year that ever walked over the earth, has yet covered the face of so many of its nights and days.

There are times, we believe, when this thought—the road to Heaven is a short one—must fill the bravest and most cheerful hearts with solemn gladness; for life to the best and happiest cannot always be here! It has its days of clouds, its nights of darkness, and how painful and pitiful, how hollow and hopeless, seem at these seasons the possessions of a life which is all of this world!

A SHORT ROAD! And yet just think how we travel it, with burdened hands and bleeding feet! Cares pinch our souls here, and warp them there; and we say our hopes are gone, and our hearts are broken, when above us the angels may be smiling as they watch day by day, the growth and beauty of that home, under the shadows of whose portals there is rest and quiet forever.

Dear reader! so the foundations of your house are laid there, you have nothing to fear—be of good courage, and take heart, for the "road is a short one." Now, we never yet saw a man who "couldn't talk better than the best could live," and with our narrow horizons of vision, with our heavi-

ness and heart-aches, with lack of sympathy, and sorrows which eat out day by day the blossoms and fruits of life, it is not half so strange as sad, that we meet so many who have settled down into a kind of sullen endurance of life.

But, after all, it is wrong to give up thus: wrong, because life is worth so much, even if it be in a worldly point of view, bankrupt and wrecked. You have, or may have, the title deeds to fair lands, sloping down to the "River of Life," to a home rising serene and stately on its immortal banks, and, what is more than all the rest, to goodness and truth and love forever, and forever!

Oh, they are blessed words; words, whose silver utterance flow sweetly down the borders of the centuries, the comfort, and anchor, and rest, and rejoicing of human hearts—words which never lose their great mysterious fullness and beauty and richness of meaning.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Dear friend, to whom we call softly with this pen of ours, you must die in a little while. It is likely that the tree is hewn which shall make your coffin. Its green branches may have waved for the last time, rejoicingly, in the summer winds; the birds have built their last nests, and sung their last morning and evening gospels in its boughs. The loom, too, may have been built which shall weave your shroud; and perhaps your feet entering through the gates of another year shall never walk to its close.

But if the green grass be over your head, and your feet on the golden streets, it shall be well with you! So be of good cheer—one by one, you are passing the land-marks—day by day, you are drawing nearer the end of your journey—THE ROAD TO HEAVEN IS A SHORT ONE!

V. F. T.

WINTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Thou art the Year's great Architect; and high
Thou buildest up white temples to the chant
Of her deep forest organs! Thou dost hew
Thy columns and thy temples from the mist,
Setting them up with masonry of snow!
Thy rafters are of crystal, and each arch
Is thick inlaid with pearls, and all thy beams
Embossed with silver!

Oh, great Architect!
Are we not building silently as thou,
Our houses on the rock or on the sand?
That when the Master cometh He shall hallow

The goodly chambers and the columned halls,
And the far vistaed galleries, and say,
His sweet smile running a new rift of light,
Along the walls, "*Here take I my abode!*"

JANUARY.

Another year is born to us! In pain and weariness and weakness, December went to her death. Anointed with the oil of joy, clad in the garments of praise, January came forth, and the stars of the midnight stood solemn witnesses of the inaugural of another year!

The Chapter is commenced! Three hundred and sixty-five pages of days, which you and I, reader, must read line by line, letter by letter, some in darkness and some in light, as God willeth!

Oh, Happy New Year to you all who shall read, in far apart homes, the greeting we bring you!

Pleasant days and peaceful nights be appointed you; and hours strung with the shining necklaces of good deeds, and gracious words, and if it be otherwise, if it *must* be in the good and loving providence of our Father, that you become acquainted with grief, and pain, and anguish, may the branches of your lives hang thick with the golden clusters of faith, and patience, and endurance.

V. F. T.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

It always gives us pleasure to speak of this admirable magazine, which seems about as near perfection as a work of the kind can attain. Though just entering upon its sixtieth volume, being the oldest literary periodical in the country, it has the freshness of youth, and shows the spirit of our progressive times as thoroughly as if it had only been in existence half a dozen years. We remind our readers, in this connection, that for \$3.50, only fifty cents more than the regular price of the Lady's Book, we will send both that and the Home Magazine for a year. See our clubbing terms.

CHILDREN MEASURING THEIR HEIGHT WITH A BRANCH OF FOXGLOVE.

The engraving of this charming piece of statuary cannot fail to attract attention. It is from a group by A. Munro, an English artist. The two sisters, attired in easy flowing drapery, embrace each other with affection; and whilst the younger one looks up with interest to see the measurement, the elder, pressing her hand, looks into her face with a charming expression of tenderness.

The figures, which are modeled with all the graceful slimness of youth, display an elegant elasticity in the action; the workmanship throughout, particularly in the features, in the crisp, wavy tresses, and the light flowing drapery, is commendable in the extreme.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

As you sit in your comfortable home, reader, do not forget the poor of your neighborhood, who, in the inclement winter, may not have a sufficiency of clothing, food or fuel. The poor of your neighborhood it is a part of your special duty to look after. They are at your door, and their wants may not be lightly disregarded. If every family in tolerably easy circumstances, would take charge of some poor widow struggling with her young children for existence; or of some sick or destitute person, how much suffering might be prevented, and how many hearts be made glad.

We give, with pleasure, the following communication from a highly esteemed correspondent, and commend the new paper for which she is about to write to the favor of all. Her communications cannot fail to give it a leading interest.

"LINDEN TERRACE," Sauk Rapids, Min.
Nov. 9th, 1859.

MR. ARTHUR,—Will you permit me, through the pages of your Magazine, to address myself to your readers upon a subject pertaining more to business than to literature perhaps. We are about to establish at Sauk Rapids a newspaper, to be entitled "The New Era," the first page of which, under my supervision, is to be devoted to literary and moral miscellany. I have so long been an occasional contributor to your pages, and have by this means gained so many dear and valued friends, that I am emboldened to take this method of informing them of the new position I am about to assume. For the purpose, of course, of soliciting their interest and obtaining their subscriptions. The first number of "The New Era," will appear early in January. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Will not Katie, and Fanny, and Gerty, and many another one, whose face is unknown to me, but whose affectionate missive has found me in this far-away country, go out among their friends, and send us a good many names? And we will tell them much of this beautiful country, of our early experiences in wilderness life, of the Indians who still approach our borders, etc., etc. Address

MINNIE MARY LEE,
Sauk Rapids, Minnesota.

A BOOK FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

We should think, from the warm commendations given to the "Housekeeper's Friend," by Mrs. Cornelius, a book published by Brown, Taggard & Chase of Boston, that it was a most excellent manual. "A Western Farmer's Wife," writing to the publishers, says:—"Three years since, I exchanged a literary life for the more practical duties of a farmer's wife at the West. I had several cook-books, which I will not name, as a substitute for experience. That of Mrs. Cornelius I have found worth all the rest. I have often recommended it to friends, but never lent it, as I could not do without it a single day. Its especial value consists in the economy of its recipes and the minuteness of the

directions given. I have often thought that if I were rich, I would make a present of a copy to every young friend who became a housekeeper. The present edition is a great improvement on the previous ones in beauty and utility. I should be glad to see you announce the sale of many thousands of copies."

JANUARY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Draped in a robe of bridal dyes,
The earth; a conquered giant, lies,
With folded hands, and closed eyes;
While the white vapors eastward sail,
On the strong pinions of the gale.

Gaunt, fleshless skeletons, the trees,
Shorn of their crown of summer leaves,
Wail sadly in the polar breeze—
And the great hemlocks toss their arms
O'er the wild cliffs of pasture farms.

The school-boy skims adown the hills,
Across the breast of frozen rills,
Over the pond above the mills;
Making the air with laughter ring,
His sled a Throne; himself a King.

The old gray farm-house, low and wide,
Half-hidden on the white hill-side—
Half-hidden in the drifted tide—
Sits like a mourning queen, in state,
Over an empire desolate.

Throughout the long and frosty nights,
The clear sky flames with Northern lights,
Which gild with gold the steel-pale heights;
And silver lamps, the solemn stars,
Look through the blue enameled bars.

Winter! though cold and drear thy reign,
Though hung with ice thy palace fane—
We welcome thee to earth again!
Content to know that God decrees
The winter blast and summer breeze.

PEWS IN CHURCHES.

We gather the following curious facts in regard to the history of pews in churches:—In Anglo-Saxon and some Norman churches of very early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall running round the whole interior except the east end. In 1319 they are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1287 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first entered.

As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by cross bars, and the initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation, the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1546, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "quyre" or some "pue." In 1608 galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being raised or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within, (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

With the reign of Charles I. the reasons for the heightening of the sides disappeared; and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.

"MARRIED AND HAPPY."

This is a theme which suggests a variety of reflections, according to the turn of mind of the party, and has been treated in a variety of ways by poets and artists. With the sentimentalists "the model husband" is a very neatly-dressed young man, reading a book to his wife, and nursing a child on one arm, whilst with his foot he rocks the cradle containing the baby. Miserable old-fashioned bachelors sum up the blessings of married life in the one word "buttons." The artist, Mr. Oakley, aims a dart at the helplessness of bachelor life from another point of view. "What's to become of you when you're ill, and nobody to nurse you?" cries the fiend; and dismal are the reflections conjured up in the too late repentant bosom. Contrast with them the picture before us, in which our hero may absolutely be said to be "enjoying bad health," or making the most of a temporary attack of illness. Look at the snug fire-side, the snug arm-chair, the snug blanket tucked round the patient's knees, the wife's warm shawl gathered over his shoulders by her own affectionate hands; and, to crown all, that soothing basin of gruel—such as none but she can make. Mr. Oakley has treated with great spirit and clearness a subject the homely truth of which many will cheerfully and gratefully recognise.

MENTAL DISEASES.

These are hardest of all to cure. Remedies for a few are given by a certain writer, and we offer them to such of our readers as may happen to be suffering from one or more of the indicated maladies. For a fit of repining this is the remedy:—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter affliction. For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and

you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a negro. For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. For fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for it comes from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

Publishers' Department.

OUR NEW YEAR.

We offer you, readers and friends, the initial number of the Home Magazine for 1860, and we think you will say that we have kept our promise, on the score of improvement and increased interest. We have all along said, that we would make this work superior to any other Magazine of its price and class, and we unhesitatingly ask a comparison between the Home Magazine for the previous two years and any other two dollar Magazine in the country. Put them side by side, number by number, and we will abide the decision. And now, having distanced all competitors, we shall not fail to keep our place ahead.

The leading design of the *Home Magazine*, as we have so often said, is to furnish a home literature, fully imbued with Christian sentiments—a home literature that comes to the earnest worker in life, and gives him strength for duty; comes to the mourner with words of comfort; to the thoughtless with suggestions of a life-purpose; to the weary one, fainting over her tasks, with a new incentive to action; to husband, father, wife, mother, child, brother, sister, maiden, and young man—to all who have minds to think and hearts to feel, with the inspiration of a high purpose. This is its aim, and one that is never lost sight of. The editors, in performing their tasks, choose those forms in literature that interest the mind most deeply, and so endeavor to charm as well as instruct.

Shall we not have the earnest coöperation of all who recognize in the homes of our land the centres from which go forth the good influences that are to regenerate the land? Good seed, planted here, must produce good fruit. If gentleness, truth, modesty, sobriety, energy, self-reliance, good will, and brotherly kindness be cultivated in our homes, we secure for our children that prosperity and happiness which these virtues are sure to bring, and through them we bless the nation.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.

These will be given throughout the year in an almost endless variety, to the number of many hundreds.

OUR FASHION PLATES.

Our charming colored Steel Fashion Plates, which have been so much admired, will be continued as heretofore, each month. They are prepared for us by Genio C. Scott, of New York, whose admirable taste in matters of dress and fashion is widely acknowledged. These plates in the last four volumes of our Magazine, have been pronounced the finest given in any periodical in this country.

THE BEST TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

We think that our claim for the Home Magazine, as being, in every respect, the leading two dollar Magazine of the country, is now so well established as to be beyond controversy. It is the voice of the press, as well as of the people.

The Nashville (Ind.) *Republican* says:—"It is the cheapest and best of its kind."

"The very best Magazine extant."—*Argus, Corydon, Indiana.*

"Decidedly the best two dollar Magazine."—*Courier, Findley, Ohio.*

"It is the best two dollar Magazine published."—*Democrat, Kenton, Ohio.*

"The best of the two dollar Magazines."—*Sentinel, New Lexington, Ohio.*

"THE YOUNG ARTISTS."

We refer, with pride and pleasure, to our exquisite Steel Engraving THE YOUNG ARTISTS. This is the first of the Series of Home pictures, engraved expressly for our Magazine, which were promised among other excellencies and attractions for 1860. Others are in the hands of engravers, and will appear regularly. They will form for the year, the most charming set of plates to be found in any magazine.

CLUBBING.

If you want a good family paper, as well as a Magazine, we will send you the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, and Home Magazine for \$3 per annum.

For \$3.50 we will send you Godey's Lady's Book and Home Magazine.

Or, for \$3.50, we will send you Harper's Magazine and Home Magazine.

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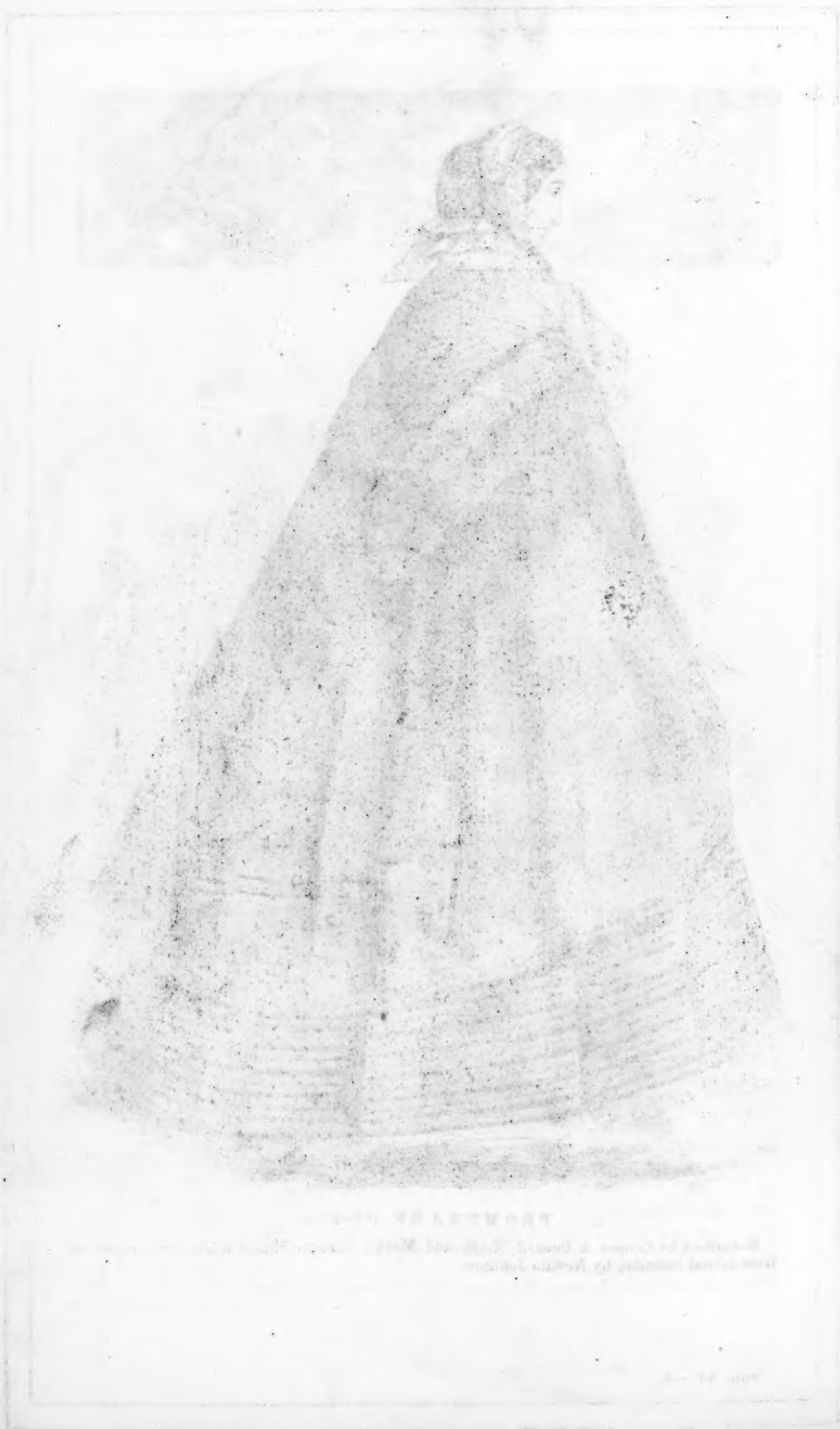


OLIVE PLANTS.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE.



HOME MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1860:



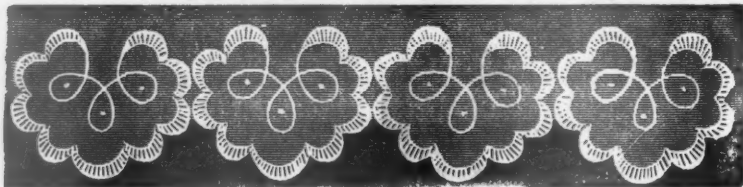
THE HAT

Illustrated by George A. Brown, 1880. The hat is made of velvet and is worn with a long veil.



PROMENADE CLOAK

Furnished by Cooper & Conard, Ninth and Market streets, Philadelphia; and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson.



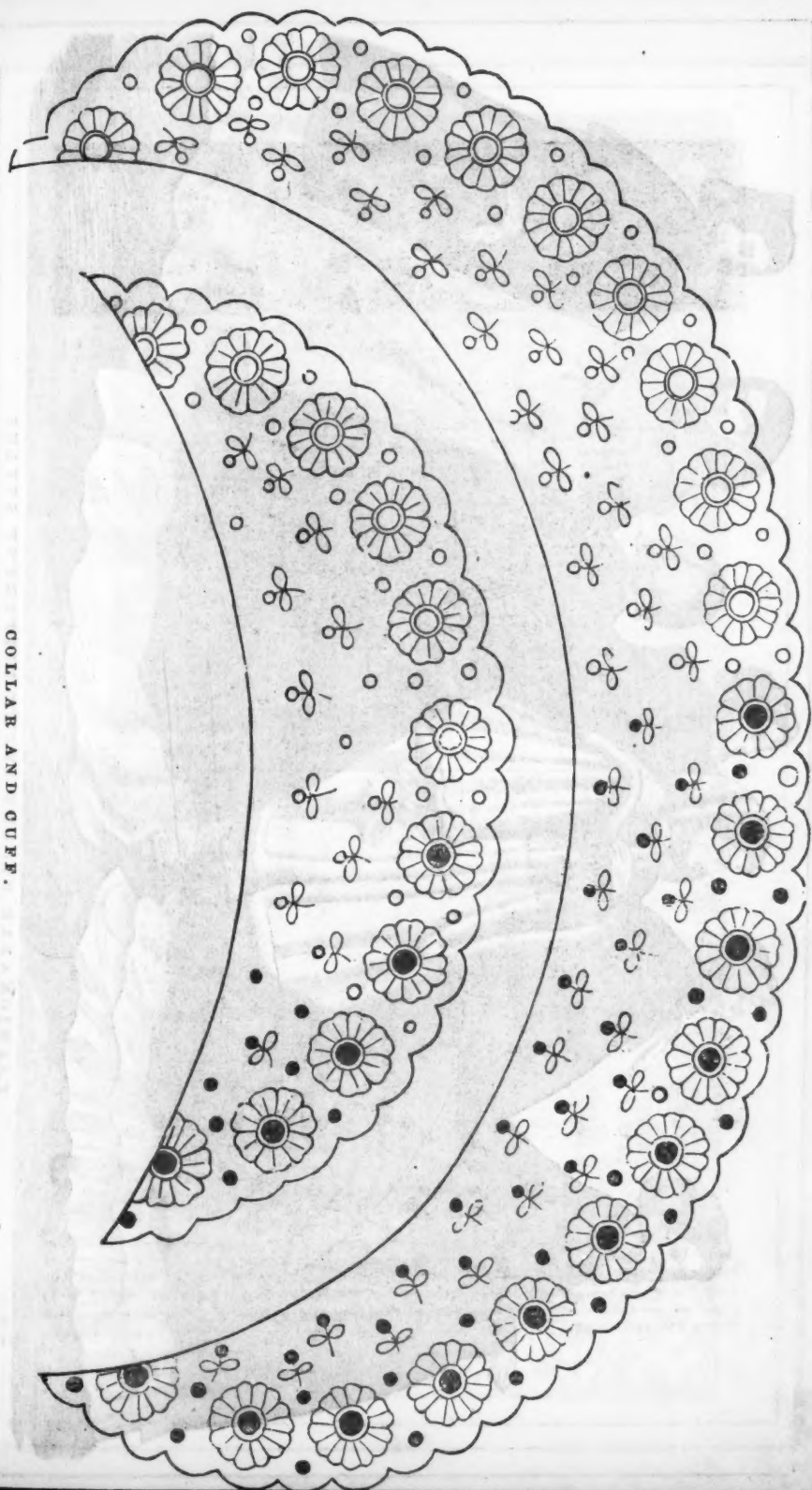
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



CHEMISE OF FINE LINEN.

Elaborately trimmed with embroidery, and a group of fine tucks, neatly stitched. The neck is gathered into a small yoke, forming points on each shoulder and at the back. An exquisite wreath of grape leaves surrounds the entire yoke, which is edged on either side with Valenciennes lace. The bosom is formed of three rows of the grape-leaf embroidery, separated by groups of fine tucks, neatly stitched, forming a mass of rich trimming, which covers the entire front.

COLLAR AND CUFF.

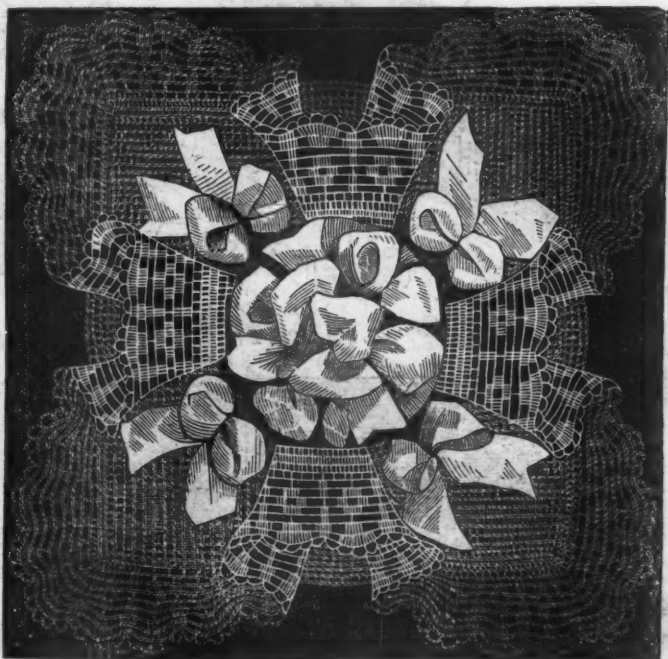




FASHIONABLE CLOAKS—SEVEN DIFFERENT STYLES.

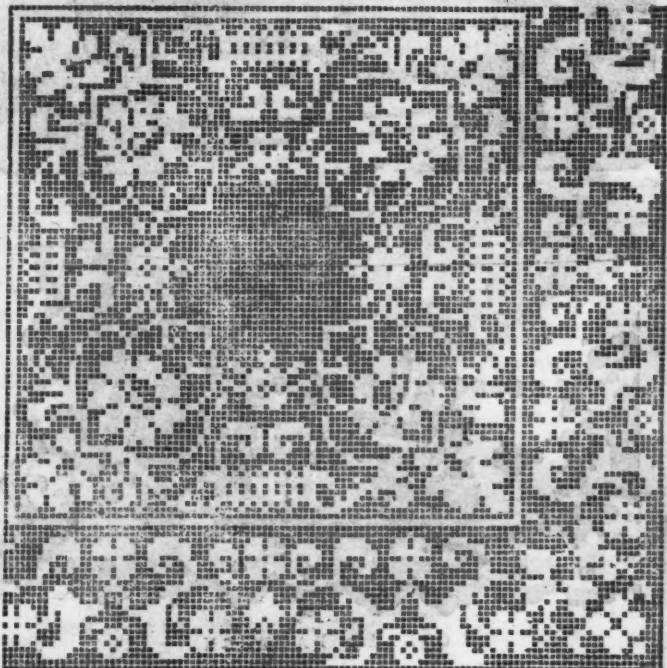
DESERT BASKET.

(See Description.)



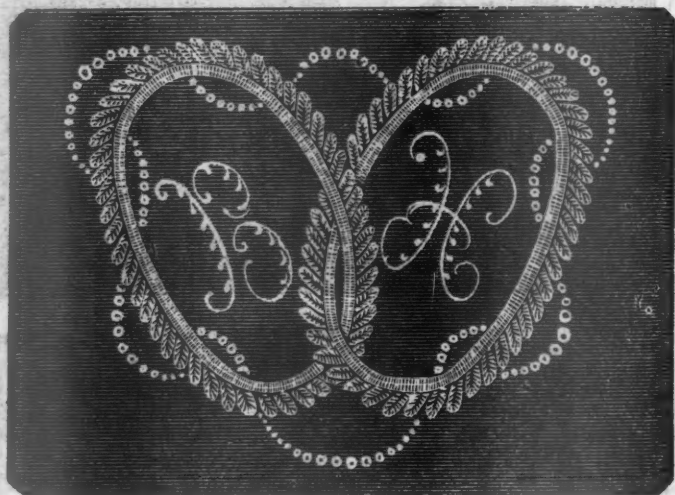
TOILET COVER IN CROCHET.

(See Description.)

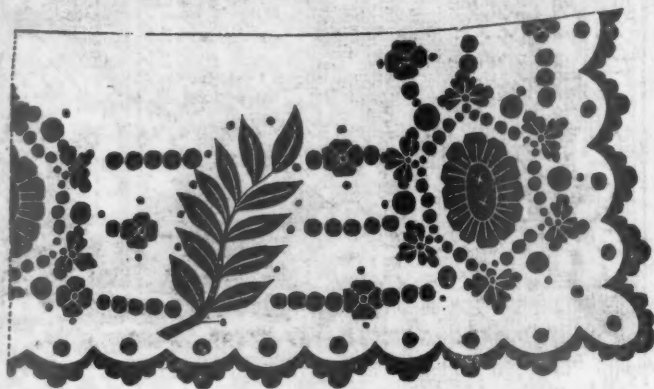


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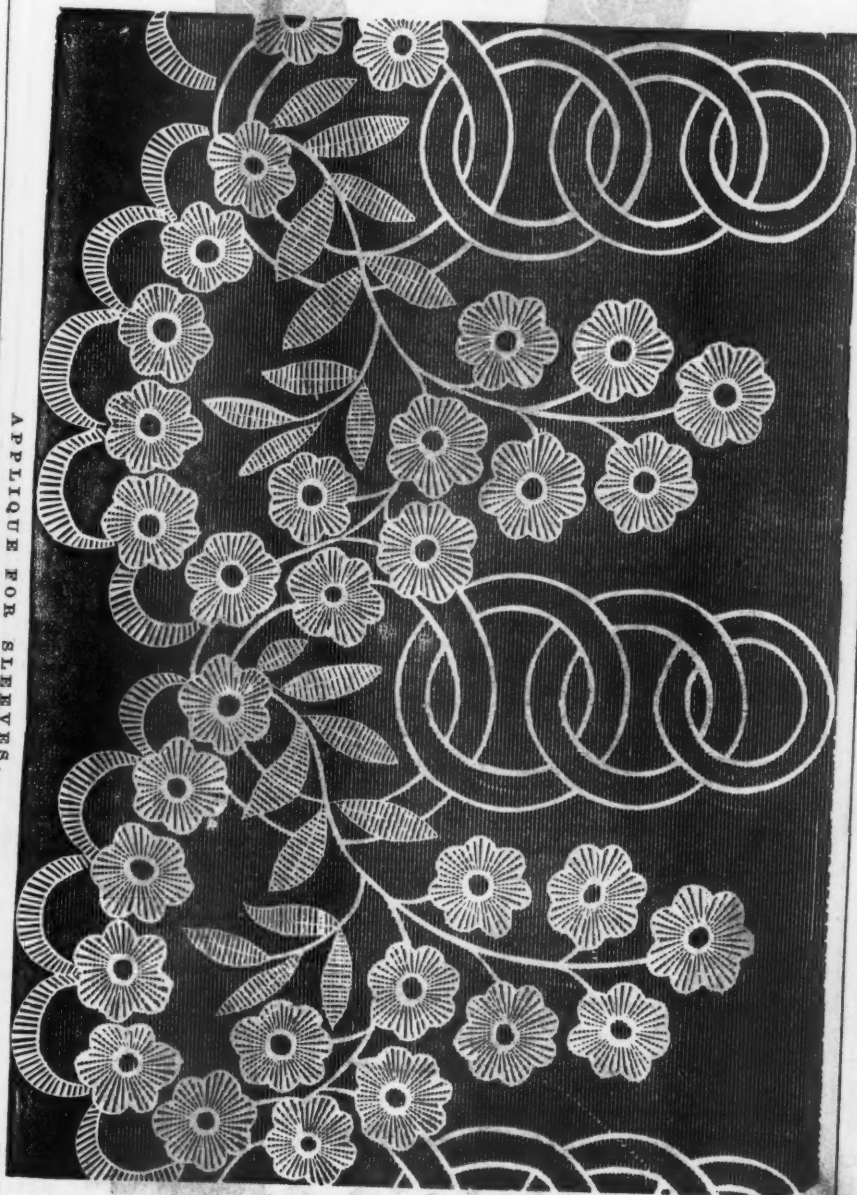


CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



COLLAR PATTERN.

APPLIQUE FOR SLEEVES.



APPLIQUE FOR SLEEVES.



BRAIDED SLIPPER.



CAP.



POMPADOUR PURSE.